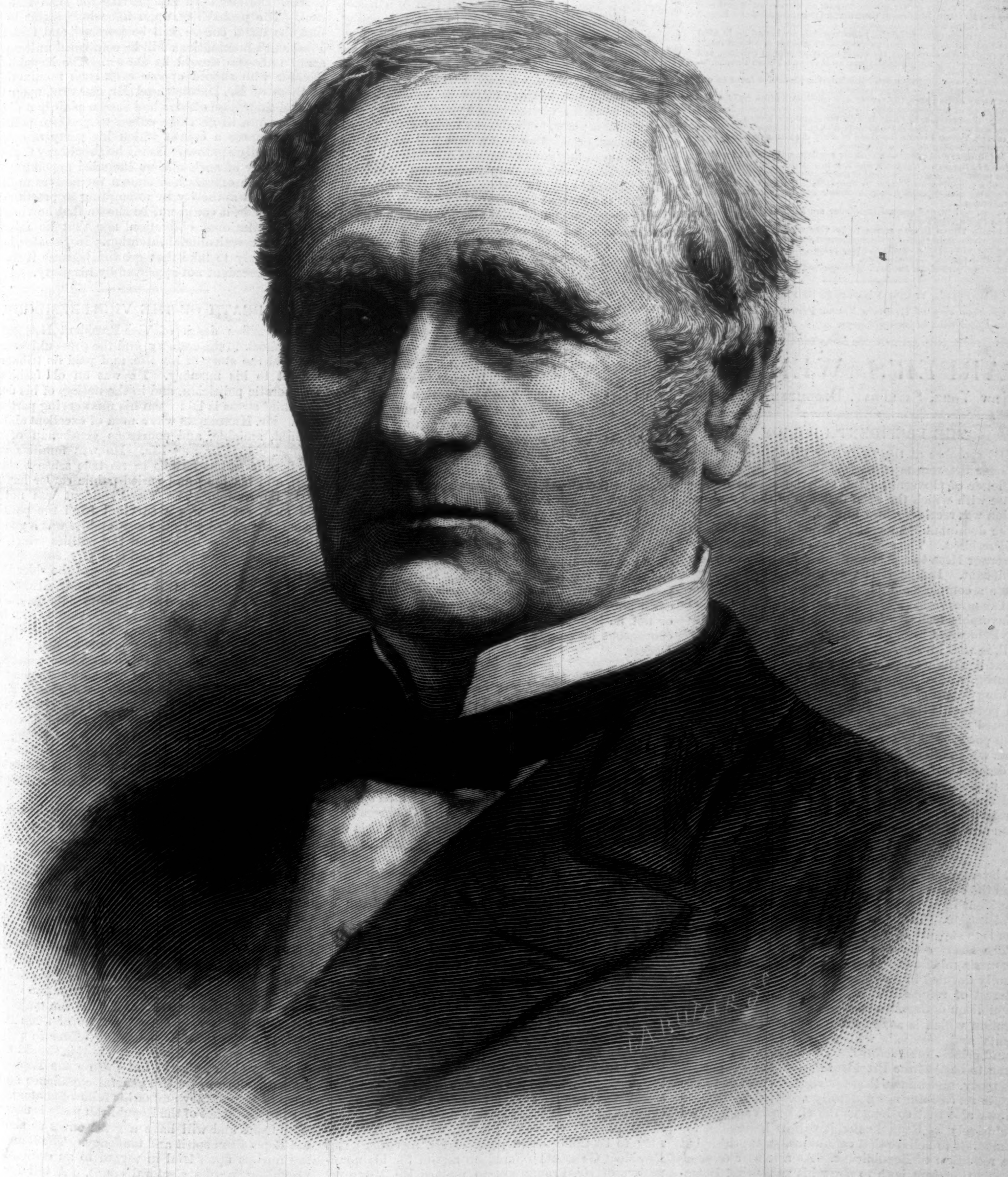
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1511.
Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.



THE LATE THOMAS ANDREWS HENDRICKS, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOGARDUS.—[See Page 803.]

A Holiday Gift for Every Week in the Year.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

(WITH SUPPLEMENT),

PUBLISHED DECEMBER 1, 1885.

CONTENTS.

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS. (An Operetta.)...By H. C. BUNNER.
With three Illustrations by C. D. WELDON.
LITTLE MISS SANTA CLAUS. Story..........By JOHN R. CORYELL.
With two Illustrations by FREDERIC DIELMAN.
HOW BOOTS BEFOOLED THE KING. An Old-fashioned Story. ....By HOWARD PYLE.
With six Illustrations by the Author.
A CHRISTMAS CHAT..........................By MRS. W. J. HAYS.
HER GIFTS. Poem......................By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
GOLD, FRANKINCENSE, AND MYRRH..Drawn by JESSIE SHEPHERD.
CHRISTMAS ON THE NORTH FORK. Story....By W. O. STODDARD.
With Illustrations by C. D. WELDON.

OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PRESS.

"A model juvenile. For freshness and variety of matter it has been marked from its beginning. A boy or girl can have no purer and brighter magazine as a weekly guest; and an outlook on more adult literature is aided by the fact that the corps of contributors is so extended and large."—*New York Independent.*

"It is only when these delightful juvenile serials are bound up in solid volumes that one becomes really aware what an amount of human talent is being expended each year for the direct entertainment of children, and how richly deserved is the popularity won by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"We can thoroughly recommend this latest aspirant for favor to our intelligent young folks."—*Aberdeen Journal.*

"The purity of its pages, the variety and excellence of its articles, the wise mingling of amusement with instruction, the beauty and finish of its artistic illustrations, have fairly won for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a foremost and honored place in the juvenile library."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE threatens to carry the heads of young England by storm."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

"It is full of capital pictures and lively reading, and ought to prove a joy forever to the little folks for whom it is intended."—*New York Sun.*

"This periodical is no mechanical catchpenny product of scissors and paste, but a genuine contribution to literature, brightened with many a ray of genius, and especially rich in humor and in heart."—*Christian Leader, London.*

"Its tone, variety, and general excellence are admirably sustained."—*Christian Union, New York.*

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE seems to be very much what a serial for youngsters from eight to twelve years old ought to be."—*London Graphic.*

"The YOUNG PEOPLE is simply the very prince, the fairy prince, of children's weekly papers."—*Toronto Mail.*

"Unusually spirited, far above the average."—*Galignani's Messenger.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

THE speeches at the Tammany meeting to rejoice over the results of the election, the resolutions, the letter of Governor HILL, and the shouts of applause with which the open defiance of the Administration was received, show unmistakably the hostility of the dominant Democratic faction in New York to the President. The appointment of Mr. STERLING by Governor HILL to a port-wardenship is a sign no less significant. Indeed, it is very difficult to find anywhere a complete and cordial approval of the President's course from any Democratic organization. The unfavorable feeling of conspicuous and representative Democrats, also, who are opponents of Tammany Hall, is well known. Yet at the same time the President has the warm sympathy and support of many Democrats, who, however, do not represent the controlling forces of the party, and, as Congress meets, the prospect is that the Democratic party, which has cohered during a quarter of a century's exclusion from power, will be torn asunder by the fierce dissensions which attend its restoration. If there are signs of decadence from factional fury in the Republican party, the Democratic quarrels are even more bitter and menacing. Democratic hostility to the Administration is much more serious than that of Republican organs and conventions. The latter is perfunctory and formal, but the former is of vital importance. It is the revelation of a conflict which can not be compromised, and nothing could be more futile than the course of Democratic papers which detest the President in adjuring Democrats to stand by the Administration. The way to stand by an Administration is to support its policy.

The Democratic complaint is that the President pursues a middle course. It asserts that he is neither wholly devoted to the interest of his party nor to the interest of reform. This is the ground also of the Republican declaration that he is hypocritical—an allegation which is supported by pointing to appointments and removals which are inconsistent with sound principles of reform. The explanation we presume to be that the President desires the support of his party, and knows that his views in regard to the public service are not generally accepted by it. He knows also that so long as the civil service is filled exclusively by Republicans, it will be impossible for Democrats to believe that reform means anything but the retention of Republicans. As a matter of expediency, therefore, both to show his party that Democrats are not ostracized, and in doing that to mitigate hostility to the reformed system, the places of Republicans whose terms expire are filled by Democrats, others are suspended, and in offices held at pleasure changes are made in favor of Democrats. The policy of this course is that of equalizing the service between the parties, so that on the one hand reform shall not seem to be a political device in favor of Republicans, and on the other that the distribution of the service between the parties shall give to both a common interest in maintaining the reformed system. This course, if it be indeed that contemplated by the President, is a policy of expediency, and, like every such policy, is not to be tested by uncompromising principle. That principle requires that no officer shall be removed except for cause connected with the public interest and not with party advantage; and that appointments and promotions in the great multitude of places in the civil service which are strictly non-political shall be made with sole regard to the same interest. This principle, of course, would have prevented the removals and appointments which have been most severely censured.

If, then, the policy of the President be what we have suggested, it is perfectly intelligible, and not unreasonable. It is not, indeed, strictly and consistently conformed to the uncompromising standard of civil service reform. But neither is it that of a hypocrite and false pretender. It is, indeed, the policy which, in the actual situation, an honest reformer, who was, however, not elected upon that issue, might think it best, in the interest of reform itself, to pursue. It is still, indeed, a question whether the result will vindicate the wisdom of the policy; that is to say, it is doubtful whether the President will draw his party, as a party, to the honest and hearty support of his course, or whether that course will deprive the Republicans of any excuse for returning to the spoils system. Those who are deeply interested in reform as a question of main importance, and who do not believe that the present Democratic party can be made its effective agency, and who also see that an inconsistent course, however honest, will not influence the action of an opposition party when it comes into power, would naturally prefer the consequences of a strict adhesion to the principles of reform. But that feeling is entirely consistent with the highest admiration of the President's sincere and courageous conduct, such as we have constantly entertained and expressed. This is the reply to those who ask how, upon civil service reform principles, the removal of a good officer is to be explained, even if another officer equally good is substituted. It is not to be explained upon those principles. The explanation lies in the situation and the circumstances, which may make a departure from strict conformity seem to an honest Executive to be the best course to pursue for the ultimate success of those principles. It is a question of judgment, not of purpose or good faith. Republicans condoned the monstrous violations of reform principles by Republican Presidents upon the ground of the necessity of maintaining the party organization. This was the Republican argument with General GRANT against reform. A Democratic President who, despite his party, has shown his regard for those principles more resolutely and plainly than any of his predecessors may not be consistent, but he is no hypocrite; and whether his party finally support him or not, he has shown himself to be by far the most courageous and clear-sighted of all the Democratic leaders.

THE SENATE AND THE PRESIDENT.

THERE is a great deal of curiosity and speculation as to the course of the Senate upon the nominations of the President. The usual practice of the Senate has been to confirm the nomination if there be no personal objection to the candidate, and it has not been the custom to inquire into the propriety of dropping the incumbent. This is a practice which sprang logically from the decision of the First Congress that the right of removal is in the President. This decision, however, was reversed by the original Tenure of Office Act, and the best constitutional authorities in the Senate have held that the practice we have mentioned is not based on sound principles. The Senate may constitutionally decline to confirm a nomination for any reason which seems to be sufficient. But the President may equally decline to declare his reasons for making the nomination. WASHINGTON, indeed, was deeply grieved by the rejection of a nomination, and stated to the Senate that he would gladly have given the reasons for making it had he been asked. But such a statement was the natural impulse of his simple rectitude and dignity, and did not imply any right in the Senate to demand the reasons.

It is entirely within the discretion of the President to state or to withhold the grounds of his action. President HAYES sent a special message to the Senate, accompanied by the letter of Secretary SHERMAN, communicating the reasons of his nomination of Mr. MERRITT to be Collector in place of Mr. ARTHUR. But President GARFIELD offered no reason for his nomination of Mr. ROBERTSON to replace Mr. MERRITT. President CLEVELAND is a very frank and candid man, and he may think fit to announce in his message to Congress the general reasons for the suspensions which he has made, and his views and policy in regard to his exercise of the appointing power. But he will pursue, probably, the usual course in submitting nominations to the Senate upon his official responsibility without mentioning the reasons which have influenced him in each case. As the majority of the Senate is Republican, its action will serve as a party precedent, and it will be therefore carefully considered. Should it decide to be governed by the will of the Republican Senators in whose State a change in an office is proposed, it would merely illustrate the extraordinary practice known as the courtesy of the Senate. But to reject a nomination solely upon party grounds, and not for personal reasons, would be a violation of the spirit and intent of the Constitution, unless it be held that the purpose of the Constitution was to vest the substantial power of appointment in the Senate, leaving to the President merely the suggestion of a person. This, however, is a view which has no authoritative support, and which is at variance with the best opinion.

If, again, the Senate should refuse to confirm a nomination because in its opinion the suspended officer is a proper incumbent, the refusal would not restore him, because the law does not provide for such restoration. The probability, upon the whole, seems to be that the usual course will be pursued, and that the President's nominations will be confirmed unless personal unfitness should be shown. The Republican Senator who should oppose even such nominations as those of Mr. HEDDEN and Mr. BEATTIE, upon the ground that those officers had shown plainly a disposition to prostitute their offices to partisan politics, would propose a course which his party associates would hardly approve. Yet if he should say that the official duty of such officers included appointments, and that the officers had shown themselves unfit to exercise that authority by attempting to prostitute it to party ends, it could not be shown that he violated any constitutional obligation, nor that he misconceived the constitutional intention. No Senator, however, is likely to take that ground, because it would create a precedent not approved by his party.

THE DEATH OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE sudden death of Vice-President HENDRICKS was a shock to the country, and the press universally has told the story of his life, and paid its tribute of respect to his memory. He was an old-fashioned Democratic politician, and in the notices of his death the chief stress is laid upon his unswerving partisanship. Mr. HENDRICKS was a man of excellent ability, a mild, amiable, and courteous gentleman of unstained character and life. He was familiar with public affairs, but he was in no true sense a statesman, and his long and varied public career has left little impression. The Vice-President was not an old man, yet he was a survival from the political epoch that closed with the war, and he was a good illustration of the leader and the politics which are now felt to be antiquated and obsolete.

It is the consciousness that most of the elder Democratic leaders are of the type of Mr. HENDRICKS which has strengthened and prolonged the public distrust of the party, and had not Mr. CLEVELAND been not only a younger man, but a man of the modern political spirit, he would not have been elected President. The party Conventions and orators assure us that Democratic principles are eternal, but upon what principle the party is agreed they are discreetly silent. The Democratic leaders who are of Mr. HENDRICKS's age or older were educated in the school of defense of compromise with slavery, and such training does not furnish statesmen for a Union of free States. It is to its politically younger men, to the chiefs of a possible "new Democracy," that the Democratic party must turn for its hope of a future.

The death of the Vice-President leaves the country without a lawful incumbent of the chief executive office in case of the death or disability of the President, and that fact strongly emphasizes the want of good sense shown by the country in permitting Congress to neglect a proper provision for the succession. Senator HOAR's bill regulated the matter by giving the succession to the members of the cabinet in order. But the Democratic House took no action, and the country in this instance, as in that of the electoral count, is left to a chance whose extreme peril has been demonstrated, yet which is easily remedied by a little patriotic common-sense. The situation will test the patriotic good sense of the Republican majority in the Senate. It may occur to some of them that it would be wise to elect a presiding officer in political sympathy with the President. If this should not be done, the choice should fall upon some Republican Senator who enjoys the general confidence and respect of the country and of his fellow-Senators. Every important act of the Republican party is now very significant, and will have a great effect as showing the Republican spirit and tendency. The Democrats are no less upon trial in regard to an equitable act providing for the electoral count. A bill for this purpose, as well as one providing for a Presidential vacancy, has passed the Senate, and the Democrats have the responsibility of baffling the settlement of two vitally important questions.

THE ENGLISH ELECTION.

THE Tory reaction in England probably surprises no one who has watched political events in that country. The question submitted to the country was really that which was emphasized by Mr. GLADSTONE at Edinburgh—comparative confidence in the two parties. The Liberals were hardly in a position to be implicitly trusted, because they were plainly not agreed among themselves. The Liberal party has included the old Whigs, who are among the stanchest of Conservatives. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who is evidently a strong and growing leader, was to Conservative sentiment a dangerous radical in many of his declarations. The reaction is doubtless due to distrust of the real Liberal position upon disestablishment, upon what is called "socialism," upon the spirit of a foreign policy, and upon Ireland. Upon all these points there was no definite and authorized Liberal declaration.

Apparently Mr. PARNELL will accomplish his purpose completely. He will probably control the vote which will assure a Parliamentary majority, and he will test the Conservative sincerity and purpose. This is in itself one of the greatest of political triumphs. When Mr. LINCOLN was elected, WENDELL PHILLIPS said, "At last the slave has chosen a President." Mr. PARNELL's victory is announced in the fact that he can say, "At last Ireland controls the Imperial Parliament." It is an unprecedented situation, and exposes him to the severest test—that of proving whether it was truly for the interest of Ireland to promote a Tory victory.

Should it finally appear that the Liberals have actually lost their anticipated majority, Mr. GLADSTONE must expect the sharpest criticism and denunciation. Yet his general policy was the wisest and best, although it was imperfectly carried out. Both in Ireland and in Egypt his purpose has been just and reasonable, but the situation often compelled conduct which wounded the pride of England. As we go to press, the general result is unknown, although it seems to be indicated. Should the Tories be confirmed in power, there is no reason to suppose that their policy, however promising, will be more faithfully enforced than that which it supplants.

THE FIFTH AVENUE JOB.

THE indignation aroused by the attempt of railroad speculators to disfigure the Fifth Avenue will be felt by the Legislature when the project appears at Albany. Intelligent legislators from the rural districts of the State know very well that, under the pretext of promoting the public convenience in the city, all kinds of schemes are urged at Albany by speculators seeking their own advantage, and that the wishes of the citizens and tax-payers are often baffled by the greed of practiced bands of conspirators and of venal agents.

In pushing this railroad job in the Avenue there is the usual endeavor to make it appear to be a movement for the benefit of poorer people which the heartless rich people are trying to defeat. This is the insinuation in a letter of Mr. JACOB SHARP. He says of the railroads which he has built that "every one of them has promoted immeasurably the convenience of the millions of people who do not patronize BREWSTER." BREWSTER is a carriage-maker. Mr. SHARP poses as the particular friend of the poor man who wishes to get to the Park but has no carriage. But his assumption that he is more friendly to the poor man than the citizens who are anxious to prevent the misuse of the Fifth Avenue is wholly gratuitous. Could the comparative record be produced, there is no fear that they would have cause to blush. In a country where every honest man is justly trying "to better his condition," it is ridiculous to hold that those who succeed are for that reason the enemies of those who do not. The rich men of New York, as a class, have been quite as serviceable to the city as those who speculate in railroads and resort to demagoguery in the hope of getting rich.

With all the city railroads leading to the Central Park and connecting the extremities of the city, and with a parallel line of omnibuses in the Fifth Avenue, there is no man in the city, who does not "patronize BREWSTER," who can truly say that he is deprived of any opportunity whatever of swift and convenient transport to or from any part of the city. Moreover, it is a great mistake to suppose that "the people who patronize BREWSTER" are the only inhabitants of the city who feel a just pride in it, and desire to save its finer streets from wholly unnecessary defacement. The larger part of the people who enjoy "BREWSTER" upon the Avenue are those who do not "patronize" him, and the Legislature will understand that the question of the Fifth Avenue Railroad is not one of relieving the poor, from wanton oppression, but of enabling a lot of speculators to enrich themselves at the cost of one of the finest streets in the country.

"TRAITORS."

THE Indianapolis *Journal* naturally abhors Mugwumps, or independent voters, but it has no excuse whatever for saying that HARPER'S WEEKLY describes New York Republicans who refused to support Mr. DAVENPORT as "traitors." It would as soon think of describing travellers who prefer to go from New York to Albany by the steamer rather than by the railroad as traitors to the New York Central. A party is a political agency to which a voter owes no duty whatever. Most men are in general sympathy with an existing party, and they will gladly bear its name and support its candidates. But that general sympathy and support creates no kind of obligation to the party. The voter's only duty to party is to support the candidate whose success seems to him under the circumstances to promise most for the public welfare. His judgment may be mistaken, but his consequent action is not "treachery," and nothing said by the WEEKLY has implied any such absurdity.

THE DOCTRINE OF MALTHUS.

A STUDENT of MALTHUS in Wisconsin writes as follows in regard to Mr. BONAR'S *Malthus*, just published by the HARPERS:

"The Malthusian theory, as commonly stated, amounts to this: 'Population increases faster than the means of subsistence. There must therefore always be poverty and suffering, unless the poor can be taught to abstain from marriage; and, at any rate, the wages of the common laborer must gravitate to the lowest point at which he can live.' But this was not the theory of MALTHUS. MALTHUS distinguished carefully what he calls the 'main principle' from mere *obiter dicta*, out of which something like the above can perhaps be made, and he strongly protested against RICARDO's improvements on his system, though the blame of them is laid to him. His 'main principle' may be correctly stated thus: 'Population, under favorable conditions, increases faster than the means of subsistence can continue to increase. But manifestly it can not outrun the means of subsistence, except for a short time during actual famine. The equalizing processes may be divided into (*a*) positive checks which increase the proportion of deaths, and (*b*) preventive checks which decrease the proportion of births. *Whatever one of these checks gains is at the expense of the other*.'

"MALTHUS did not think it at all necessary that there should always be poverty and suffering. He showed as plainly as JOHN STUART MILL that the natural rate of wages was not the least on which the laborer could live, but the least on which he would *consent* to live and reproduce; and he rejected RICARDO's theory that rent depended on the margin of cultivation, maintaining, on the contrary, that it depended on the price of commodities. Far from advocating niggardly economy, as is usually assumed, he wanted the poor to adopt a high standard of comfort, to avoid habits inconsistent with it, and to insist on having it. 'Liberty and education' were his express remedies for abject poverty. The substitution of 'will' for 'can' by JOHN STUART MILL, in his criticism of RICARDO's law of wages, was hailed as a revolutionary and epoch-making change. But MALTHUS made the same criticism when RICARDO's star was rising and his own sinking. These facts are the more timely because RICARDO has been pressed into the service of socialism (as unwilling a recruit as ever carried a gun), and the most favored scheme of paternal government just now is based on his laws of rent and wages, which stand or fall with one another."

THE AMERICAN CLASSICAL SCHOOL AT ATHENS.

THE late annual meeting of the New York branch of the Archæological Institute of America was very interesting. The subject of providing the American classical school at Athens with suitable buildings was fully considered, and as a lot has been given to the school, a strong effort will be made to raise the money.

The Institute, by its expeditions to Assos, in Greece, and to old Spanish America and the Pueblos country, has already gained a signal distinction to American scientific archæological research, while the results of the classical exploration fostered by the school at Athens are such as to give the highest rank to that branch of American scholarship. The expedition of Dr. I. R. S. STERRETT into Asia Minor during the last summer was especially successful. He copied 611 new inscriptions in Latin or Greek, and has almost created the map of Isauria and eastern Pisidia. He found the sites of a number of ancient towns, some of which he could identify by means of inscriptions discovered on the spot, some on general considerations, while others can not yet be identified. Among his great discoveries is Lystra, where St. Paul came near being worshipped, which is now called Khatün Serai, eight hours south of Iconium. Dr. STERRETT also found many Hittite relics.

This collection of inscriptions is a most important event in epigraphy, and greatly interests the learned world, and it is justly gratifying to our national pride to know that the trophies of American scholarship hold some fair proportion to those of our material triumphs. The school at Athens is directed by the most eminent Greek scholars in this country, and it merits the cordial and generous support of liberal Americans.

THE HISTORY OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

ONE of the most remarkable of literary enterprises, the *History of the Pacific States of North America*, which is to consist of thirty-nine volumes, has advanced to the publication of the eighteenth. Four volumes are to be issued every year, and the publication will be completed in January, 1891. The enterprise is so extraordinary that it deserves attention and commemoration. It is projected by HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, of California, who, upon going to that country thirty-three years ago, at the age of twenty, said that he was contemporary with the beginning of an empire, and that a comprehensive and exhaustive history of that beginning, comprising the physical and natural aspect of the region, with all its earliest annals, its vanishing traditions and legends, and its first advances in modern civilization, was a work worthy to be undertaken.

Mr. BANCROFT has devoted his life, his abilities, his fortune, and his energies to its accomplishment. He has collected in Europe and America all accessible books, manuscripts, maps, and documents. He has accumulated the knowledge of natives and pioneers and settlers, and all the material has been digested, classified, and arranged, and it is probably the amplest and completest mass of early annals ever made. It is stored in a fire-proof building in San Francisco, and there also the work of extracting the essential facts from nearly fifty thousand volumes of such annals into a small series is carried on. Plainly the work at every stage was wholly beyond the power of any individual, and Mr. BANCROFT organized a system of assistants to sift, methodize, and revise the material, as the assistants of the sculptor roughly block out the marble and deliver it to the master. Mr. BANCROFT then completed each published volume, often, indeed, modifying his method as circumstances required.

The result is thus far the publication of the history of the native races of the Pacific States in five volumes; of Central America, in two; of Mexico, in five; of the North Mexican States and Texas, in two; of Arizona and New Mexico, in one; and two of the six volumes upon California. Of the manner in which the work has been thus far executed there is a general consent of the opinion of eminent literary authorities. Individual authors and reviews of the highest standing speak strongly and discriminatingly of the ability of the author. WENDELL PHILLIPS truly said, "What a godsend such a devotee would have been for the Atlantic coast a hundred years ago!" and the elder BANCROFT says, "In the universality of your researches you occupy a field of the deepest interest to the world, and without a rival." The story of this enterprise is equally without a rival, and can not be told in a few paragraphs. DARWIN called it a magnificent work; MAX MÜLLER, a solid one; and CARLYLE, an exceedingly interesting and important one. Among American scholars and authors, BRYANT, EMERSON, BANCROFT, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, WHITTIER, LOWELL, PARKMAN, Dr. DRAPER, WARNER, HIGGINSON, HOWELLS, have all expressed their admiration. The continuous publication of such a work is a literary event so unprecedented and important that no record or summary of the signal incidents of the time can omit it.

PERSONAL.

THE "local column" of the suburban newspaper takes a comprehensive range, and we find in our esteemed contemporary the *South Florida Argus*, of November 15, the following: "Miss ANNE FREEMAN, who attends Rollins College, now comes home every night and returns each morning."

—A very popular retired United States naval captain, not far from New York city, used to walk down to the Post-office every morning in a fine old blue coat, high white collar, and carefully ironed trousers, with a natty cane in his hand, and the end of a fresh white pocket-handkerchief sticking conspicuously out of the back pocket of his coat. The sight used to be impressive, until one morning the usual small boy ran up to him and said, "Captain, you'll lose your handkerchief." "No, my boy," replied the veteran, kindly; "it's pinned."

—There are two houses in Newport which have the stables under the same roof, in Flemish fashion. They are occupied by General J. H. VAN ALEN and Mr. LYMAN C. JOSEPHS, neither of whom experiences any inconvenience from the contiguity of the stalls. Sometimes in the country the tramping of horses' feet on the board floors is heard plainly at a distance of three or four hundred feet, but these Newport houses are built so as to deaden the sound.

—The chief feature of the ball given recently at Orange, New Jersey, by the Essex County Hunt, was the opening dance, in which the members of the Hunt, arrayed in scarlet uniforms, bounded over the floor with the patronesses as partners. The effect was brilliant, and there was a large representation from New York city. The Essex County Hunt hunts real foxes, has real kennels, and is real English.

—Mr. WINSLOW HOMER has re-appeared in New York, emerging for a few weeks from a long seclusion on the coast of Maine. Mr. HOMER is arranging for an exhibition of his recent work in the city before his return to his sea-side studio.

—Mr. F. T. PALGRAVE is taken to task by the *Saturday Review* because he has advertised in one of the London papers his candidacy for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. Certainly in this country it would be an innovation to insert such an advertisement on the part of an applicant for a professorship at Harvard or Yale. The *Saturday Review* treats the subject briefly and without comment by simply reprinting the advertisement.

—One of the most successful suburban charitable fairs ever held was that in aid of the Children's Home—an institution at Montclair, New Jersey, where destitute children from the city are housed and taught—which, after a preparation of only a few weeks on the part of the ladies of the town, netted $2200, besides an unusual amount of pleasure.

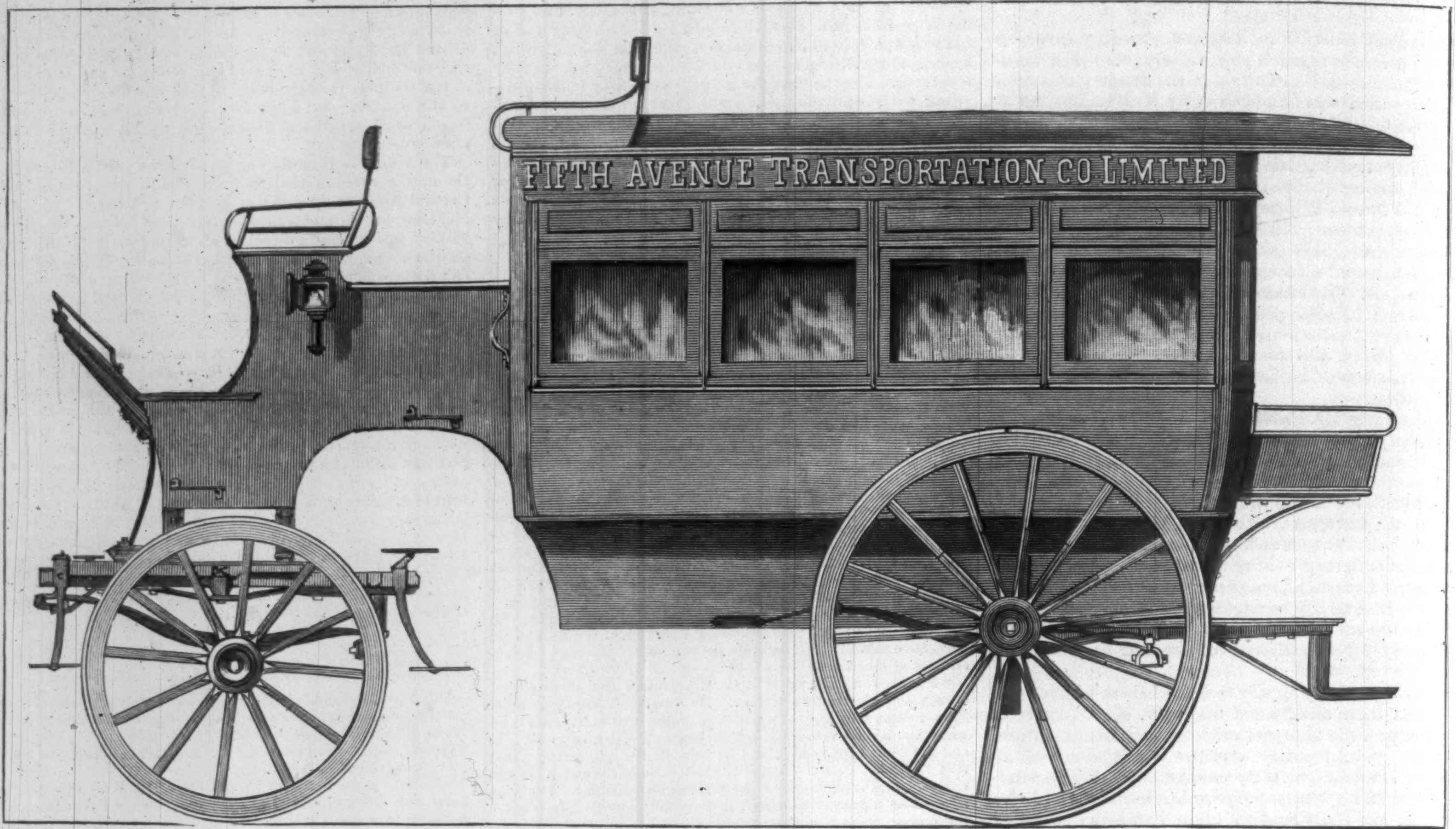
—Several gentlemen in a room at the Astor House were discussing the tobacco question. Said one: "My father was an inveterate smoker; he smoked day and night, and one afternoon, when he was a hundred and eighteen years old, he laid away his pipe carefully, reclined in his chair, and died." "Humph!" replied another; "if he hadn't been such an inveterate smoker, he would have lived to be two hundred years old."

—The director of one of the leading art schools in this country, who has devoted many years to teaching drawing, has been inundated of late by circulars from agents who want to sell him canvases so prepared that figures and still-lifes may be photographed directly upon them, and then painted over by the artist. He says that there is not an exhibition of oil-paintings in America which does not contain examples of figure painting and still-life painting produced in this way. It is death to art, he declares, but artists are doing it all the same; and nowadays it is sometimes impossible to tell, when one is admiring a full-length portrait or a piece of very elaborate still life, whether or not the basis of the picture is a photograph thrown upon the canvas by the ordinary methods of solar printing.

—The very valuable collection of paintings owned by the late Ex-Governor E. D. MORGAN will be put on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in a few weeks, and sold at auction. This promises to be one of the most important art sales of the season.

—Mr. FRANK D. MILLET has painted an extremely well-drawn figure for the autumn exhibition of the National Academy, entitled "The Potter's Daughter," and representing a handsome young Greek woman, dressed in what might almost be called a MILLET costume, engaged in decorating a large jar. The work soon found a purchaser.

—The National Academy of Design is still contemplating ways and means for enlarging its building at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, or for removing into more commodious quarters. So contracted is its present abode that about as many pictures are necessarily rejected at each regular exhibition as are accepted. The old idea of using the Forty-second Street Reservoir as the basis of a new edifice, by running up some perpendicular walls around the present oblique ones, and erecting thereon a large and handsome structure to be used as art galleries, art schools, and a general art head-quarters, still agitates the minds of the Council. These gentlemen have been told by several wealthy patrons that it is only necessary to "pass around the hat"; and it is expected that before long detailed plans of such a scheme will be prepared by a leading architect.

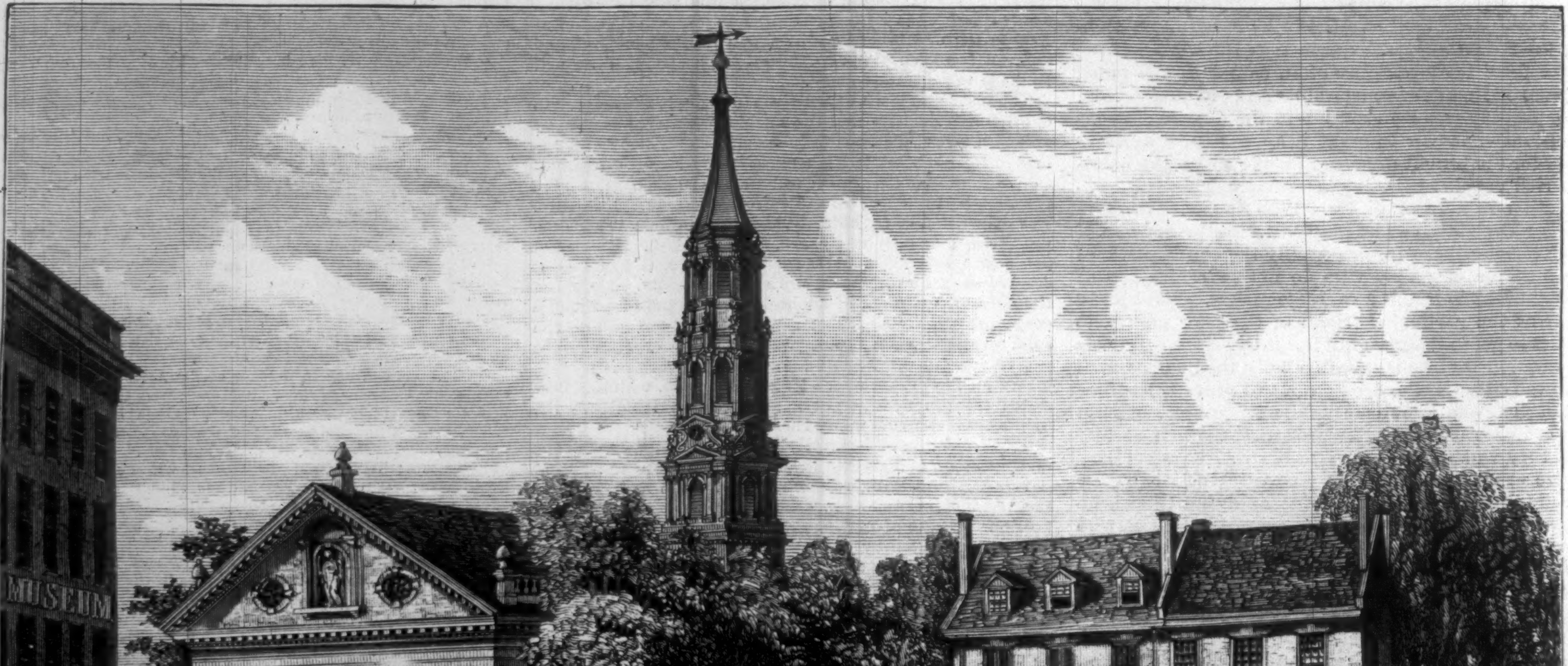


PROPOSED DESIGN FOR THE NEW FIFTH AVENUE OMNIBUSES.

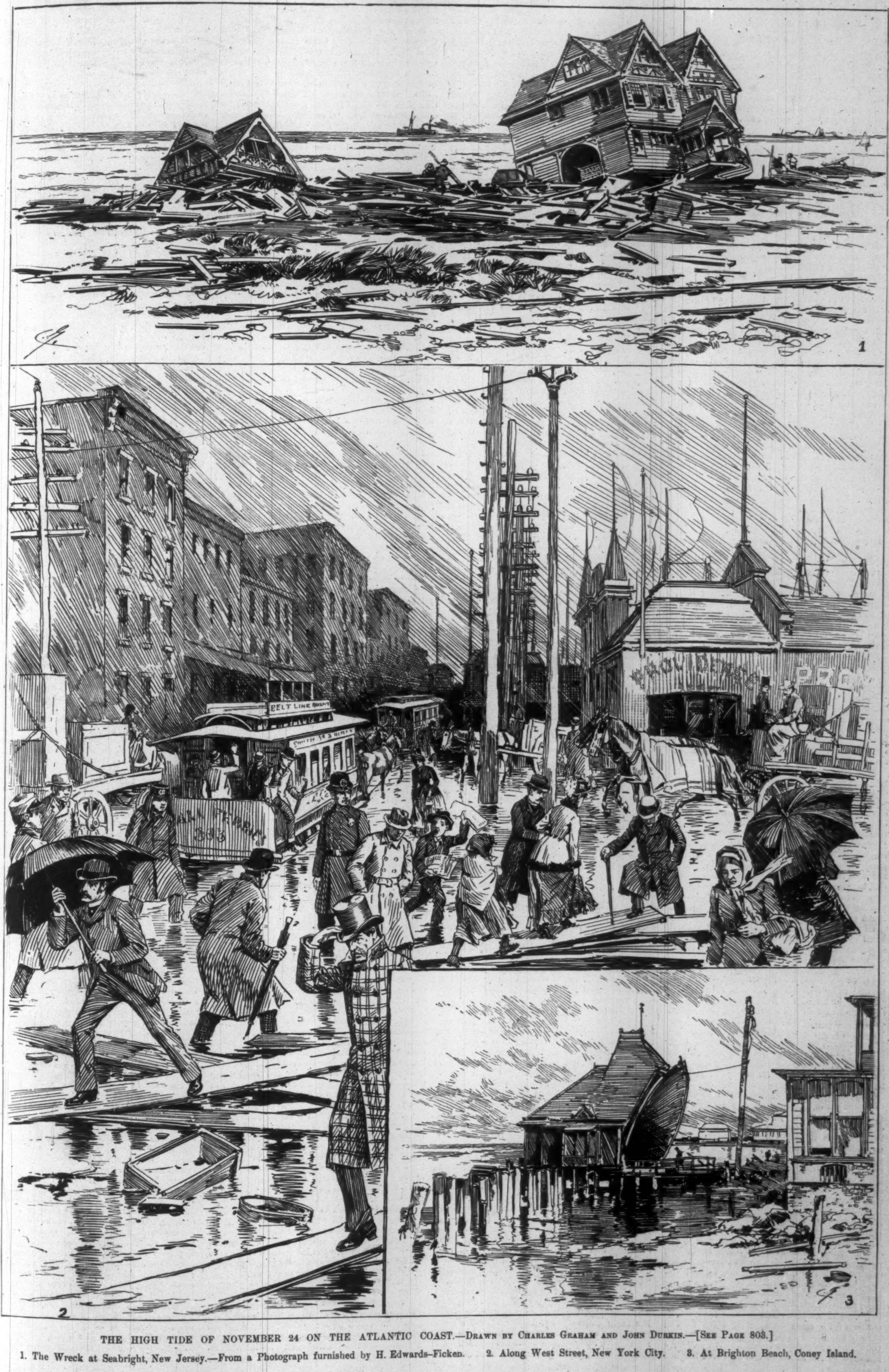
FIFTH AVENUE OMNIBUSES.

THE facility with which a wealthy company obtained possession of Broadway for the purposes of a street-car railway has had a tendency to stimulate the art of street grabbing in New York to a remarkable degree. Within the past two months articles of incorporation for a street railroad on Fifth Avenue were filed at Albany, and it looked at first as if the road would be put through whether the residents of that famous thoroughfare liked it or not. Fortunately for the interests of the avenue, there was a provision of law—incorporated in a bill for the paving of Fifth Avenue—which rendered the immediate carrying out of this latest street-grabbing scheme impossible. The residents and property owners on Fifth Avenue, however, proceeded in a business-like manner to "head off" all possibility of obnoxious street cars by the establishment of an entirely unobjectionable omnibus line, and the incorporation of the "Fifth Avenue Transportation Company (limited)" was the result. The company proposes to operate an omnibus line over Fifth Avenue from the Bleecker Street station of the elevated road, on South Fifth Avenue, to Eighty-second Street.

A picture of the vehicle which, with some slight modifications, will probably be adopted, is printed on this page, and is contrasted with a picture of the old-style omnibus which was in use on Broadway in 1831. The new Fifth Avenue omnibus will be a low-geared vehicle, having a broad step at the back. It will seat twelve passengers inside and five passengers on top. A conductor, or "guard," will ride on a small rumble at the back of the "bus," and no passenger will be permitted to enter the conveyance after its seating capacity is exhausted. These omnibuses being designed to look as much as possible like private conveyances, will be painted black, with blue panels, and will be lettered in small, inconspicuous characters. The running-gear will be painted red, and the general neatness of the effect will be added to by the clothing of both driver and conductor in quiet livery. Fifty stages will be put on at first, after which the number will be increased until they can be run at intervals of a block and a half. The fare will be five cents.



THE OLD BROADWAY STAGES IN 1831.—FROM A PRINT IN "VALENTINE'S MANUAL."



THE HIGH TIDE OF NOVEMBER 24 ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.—Drawn by Charles Graham and John Durkin.—[See Page 803.]

1. The Wreck at Seabright, New Jersey.—From a Photograph furnished by H. Edwards-Ficken. 2. Along West Street, New York City. 3. At Brighton Beach, Coney Island.

AN INEXPLICABLE MESSENGER.

By XENOS CLARK.

Sitting in my fireside chair, I have often told the story of the "Inexplicable Messenger" for the benefit of some visitor, while my grandchildren listened to its well-known mysteries with an interest that seemed hardly lessened by familiarity. To-day some touch of youth coming to old age warms my heart to the world, and I feel like giving my tale to a wider circle.

My great-uncle, Colonel Anthony Carter, during the later years of last century occupied the house in which I now live. P—— was then one of the most active in commerce of second-rank provincial cities. The house stood in the aristocratic quarter of the town, and was built in the mansion style, light yellow in color, with four very flat white pilasters up the front, and a white balustrade around the edge of the roof, from whose centre rose one great square chimney. A considerable yard surrounded it, and other mansions of like sedate elegance stood neighbors to it along the same select street.

My great-uncle, in brief, was a chief nabob of the town. He had seen the world, and meant to enjoy life in solid fashion; he was especially set in the pursuit of any object upon which his desires had fixed, being a man whose temper could bear no constraint or thwarting. For many years he had been a widower, and almost the only one of his desires left ungratified—for he had public station and honor as well as private wealth—was the desire for a very handsome young wife, clever, well-bred, possessed of property, of good family name, a member in his Church, and in every way worthy of the station in which he should place her. All these qualifications he insisted on; he would have nothing less. In the ordinary course of events the chances were almost infinite against obtaining such a prize, but the fortune that had favored him in other things seemed about to bless him here.

In one of the neighboring mansions dwelt Mistress Maria Dwight, with her niece, Ellen Edgeworth, and upon this niece Colonel Carter had fixed his eyes. He had watched her through the last years of girlhood, until now she stood before him a charming young woman.

Lovely Ellen's beauty was of that quality which can not submit to the conventional comparison with flowers. She was all spirited vivacity, and her admirers seemed to see the blood circulate in her veins. When the old men complimented her on the street, she did not hang a blushing face, but answered wittily back with brave, merry, but, oh, how lovely eyes and well-uplifted head! To every manly and worthy heart that saw her she was a challenge to win her; for those were days of honest gallantry.

I now must tell you fair Ellen Edgeworth's secret. A month before Colonel Carter began his courtship she had met her fate, and fallen desperately in love in three days with a young gentleman whom she had known in childhood, but who had just returned from a long voyage, after years of absence. I deem that a dangerous moment when young people brought up familiarly together as children meet after separation to recognize in each other the change to womanhood and manhood.

Ellen's lover was almost worthy of his incomparable good fortune. In person he was no other than Colonel Carter's only son, a young man whose veins held much of his father's lively blood; so that you see my tale contains all the elements of a troublesome domestic tragedy. But I can promise that no blood was spilled, and that the Inexplicable Messenger was neither kidnapper nor sheriff. Godfrey Carter was a young person of temperament as spirited as fair Ellen's. It is needless, then, to say that the love which had budded, blossomed, and confessed itself in so brief a time was no tranquil affection, but an absorbing passion that dominated their free young natures like a wizard's master spell.

Of all this the red-faced, determined colonel knew nothing until the day when he announced authoritatively to his son his intended marriage to Miss Edgeworth, by her aunt's permission. Then young Godfrey, though a dutiful son, spoke bravely up and told his secret, begging his father to think twice before laying siege to a lady twenty years his junior who had already given her heart away, and that to his own son. These injudicious words stirred the colonel to the foundations. "Look me in the face, sir!" he cried, after the first exchange of words. "I am in the prime of life, and have never yet been thwarted in a purpose, and mean to make that girl my wife. Find some other sweetheart. I forbid you ever meeting her again."

It is not difficult to imagine that with such elements in conflict the situation in the two mansions soon grew very tense; for elders in those days wielded an authority over youthful people that they no longer possess. Miss Ellen was compelled to receive the colonel's visit every evening in her aunt's presence, the colonel arriving in dress of irreproachable splendor, carrying a sword-cane, his constant companion on the street, and wearing a new cocked hat that he rested on his knees while he talked within. But he had his match in black-eyed, rosy-cheeked Ellen, whose spirit only grew the keener and more buoyant under restraint, so that the strong-blooded colonel felt every nerve tingling with desire to conquer her. As they sat decorously in the best room, engaged with cards or with cake and wine, this self-possessed, merry maiden, without violating the code of politeness one jot, made her suitor feel that she was fenced about with shining swords of wit, each one sheathed in a gay laugh. Her manner made little of his condemnation of his son's attachment, which he had bluntly expressed to her, calling him a "brash young lad who stepped before his elders." An undaunted faith in the star of true love laughed in her eyes, which showed a constant carelessness of his authoritative presence that piqued and challenged the colonel more than aught else.

Thus Colonel Carter visited Mistress Dwight and her niece daily for the space of a month, the two lovers meanwhile being prohibited meeting. At the end of a second month they were not allowed to leave their own homes, where trusty servants kept them under surveillance. It had come about in this way. The colonel was counting on the entire separation of the lovers for extinguishing the slight fancy, as he deemed it, between them, when, through the faithlessness of a servant, he learned that they had been exchanging notes as often as twice a day through the entire period of prohibition. The tone of the particular note intercepted spurred the inflamed colonel to instant action, as in learning from it the obstinacy of his son's passion, he discovered how much engaged was his own heart.

But though confined to their homes, though unable to communicate with one soul outside, Godfrey and Ellen still transmitted by the Inexplicable Messenger their daily notes, ardent with such words as love in constraint may pen. Quick-eyed Ellen had discovered this messenger, and given the hint to Godfrey before their communication through servants was cut off—a contingency half anticipated by them. Here is one of the letters:

"My Beloved,—Your words, far dearer to me now than my own life, were brought yesterday by our *trusty messenger;* to-day he returns this from *thine Ellen.* Do not speak, Godfrey, of our confinement; I would wait a lifetime for thee and count it little. You ask what fare have I in passing the time, but truly it brings blushes to my cheek to think how time passes, given all without a wasted minute to one constant, precious thought; and yet I am not abashed to tell thee this, but take a sweet pleasure in robbing my own heart of its defenses. I breathe every breath, Godfrey, in thought of you. Oh, what a conquered Beatrice am I! And yet I doubt if your father think me a tamed spirit; for last evening, when he came as customary on love intent, and the wine being set out, he shot the customary compliment at me, I replied, with that laugh you praise in me so greatly, that such gallant words testified to *many years* in practice, and asked whether he thought the ladies in the Brazils handsome when he journeyed there in his *youth.* But he bore these hints toward his age bravely, and I admired him for his pluck, being your father, though a cruel one now. Dear Godfrey, with a thousand embraces,

"Your faithful Ellen."

After a certain lapse of time the obduracy of the lovers began to perplex the colonel and his ally, Mistress Dwight—a rigorous old maid who thought young people born into the world solely for purposes of discipline and abnegation. I do not know what turn affairs might have taken if prying Mistress Dwight had not one day discovered one of Ellen's letters, written but not yet posted—the very one I have just given—containing mention of the "trusty messenger." The scene when she displayed her discovery to the colonel, and when Miss Ellen was later called in for admonition in his presence, was worthy of a Sheridan. Never before was the fair girl so brave, so gay, so careless; never the colonel so testy and determined; never the aunt so prim. A dozen times the aunt cried "Fie! fie!" to the niece; who would bind herself to no engagement against writing, but promised that they should hear whenever a letter came, adding that it would assuredly be daily.

This promise, indeed, was kept. Every evening came the colonel down street, cocked hat on head and cane in hand; and every evening Miss Ellen threw back her head with mischievous glance to tell him that she had been pleased in learning of his son Godfrey's welfare that day, and trusted that the colonel shared in it. Often she added some trifle of news from the other household to complete the colonel's poignant assurance that the correspondence was of a verity still passing between the lovers.

How it passed was a mystery beyond his comprehension, and, were not the doughty colonel a man of the most solid mental construction, likely to have converted him to a belief in spiritualism. He dismissed all his servants but two, and employed a constable of the town to watch these; he had all the doors and windows, and the gates that opened on the approaches to the mansion, marked, to reveal whether they were surreptitiously opened by night; he even set a watch upon Mistress Dwight's house; but all without throwing one ray of illumination into the darkness of the mystery. Yet he was not a man of half-intentions, and before hesitating many days he had decided upon action that was almost more than summary, as will appear in the sequel.

Meantime the missives flitted between young Godfrey and Ellen like arrows that, visible at the beginning and the end of their course, refuse to be traced in the passage. Through these, though imprisoned, they had freedom in the whole realm of love, and gave their hearts to each other with the abandon of passionate trust and regard in spirited young natures. Without this communication hardly would they have endured their imprisonment so passively, though the forces that coerced them were harsh enough in those days, including as they did not only the rigor of prescribed parental authority, but the severe condemnation of a Puritanical public opinion as well. "I do begin to fear this indomitable father of thine," wrote Ellen; "all my weapons of defense seem light against his heavy approaches. He has a look of intending to conquer by main strength, if naught else will avail; and that does a little remind me of the moving story he told us once together, of compelling a pirate to confess hidden treasure by suffocating the poor wretch in a barrel of smoke. But I will die ere I marry another man than thee."

When the Inexplicable Messenger brought these words to Godfrey Carter, they greatly agitated him. He knew not only that his father was one who did not stickle at harsh means to reach a tempting end, but felt also that in the subserviency of the aunt to his wishes the colonel had a powerful aid, as in his complete infatuation with the niece he had the strongest of incitements to action. "I can not discourage your fears; they are all my own," Godfrey answered Ellen. "Moreover, my father is quick to move. Yesterday he drove in the coach, being gone several hours on the journey, I am not certain where, but I think from some word that Peter the coachman dropped it was to Calvert Hill. Now it is at this Calvert Hill that the notorious minister dwells who has tied so many scandalous runaway couples in marriage—a person, I dare to think, who would scruple little at any deed, a fat fee in his pocket. Watch, then, thy tyrannous aunt, and, sweet Ellen, believe that whatever danger befalls, I shall be speedily at thy side. I thank God for thy bravery and thy wit. I am convinced the time is come when we must save our heels with our heads. Pray that no mischance befall our faithful Messenger, and send me note of all that happens, even the least straw, which may unexpectedly show the set of the wind. Thy Godfrey."

On the very next day young Godfrey received from the Inexplicable Messenger—who, despite the colonel's extremest vigilance, still served faithfully—a note confirming all his fears. Fair Ellen wrote that her aunt had announced a visit to a town bordering on Calvert Hill for the second day following, Mistress Dwight to go in the morning to make certain preparations, and Ellen to follow in the evening under escort of the colonel, whose business did not allow an earlier departure.

The lover's answer was brief. "Go," he said, "without opposition, and do not be alarmed should a highwayman beset the carriage in some dark passage of the road. I shall teach the coachman a lesson in dismounting, and give my father a chance to walk as far as the next town. Doubt not that this plot of our elders shall turn to our best fortune."

At three o'clock the following afternoon—it was a dull November day, the air achill, the green grass stiff with frost—Colonel Carter, returning from the offices down-town, walked with steaming breath up to the front door of his own house; then, pausing there a minute, turned without entering to make his way toward the stables, where he gave some commands to the coachman before returning to the house. He did not see his son watching him in these movements from an upper window. Two hours later the two sat at dinner, each at the end of a large dining-table set for their sole use, with stately silver and china in elaborate array, and lighted with four tall candlesticks, two at either end. Each was dressed with unusual care, and seemed in more companionable mood toward the other than for some time had been customary. Each deemed the victory in their long battle at last his own.

"I tell thee, Godfrey, best give up that girl," said the colonel, when the wine had been passed; "she is a high-minded wench, and needs an older hand than thine to hold her."

"And dost give her up thyself?"

"Not to-day, Godfrey; but to-morrow by this time thou shalt know my mind."

"Agreed," cried the son. "I have been thinking on it myself, and to-morrow by this time thou shalt know *mine.*"

"Come, we will drink to the fair damsel," said the father. "Here's to her and the man that wins her."

They drank the toast, each smiling at the other's delusion. The colonel was thinking he soon should learn the secret of the "trusty messenger" that had perplexed him so greatly; for he believed that Ellen once his wife by a forced marriage, his masterful spirit would quickly tame her to a willing submission.

The dinner went on slowly, marked by the decreasing length of the candles. The colonel drank heavily. At length he took his seat by the fireside, and finding it difficult to keep awake, yielded to drowsiness, admonishing his son before falling asleep to wake him when the carriage should come round, as he intended going out that evening.

When young Godfrey saw his father in heavy slumber a new plan flashed across his mind. He noiselessly and quickly placed the lights in a remote corner of the room, and drew the house keys from the pocket of the sleeping man. He listened a moment; there was not a sound in the house. Hastening to the hall, he found lying there the great travelling coat and hat placed in readiness for his father, and had put these on just as the noise of the moving carriage reached his ears. It required but a moment to unlock the great hall door, and in another moment, aided by the obscurity, he had relocked it, and jumped into the coach undetected by the waiting coachman. The man shut the door without a word, having evidently received instructions in the afternoon, and drove away. It had all happened in ten minutes. He was a free man, and driving to the house of his beloved.

Godfrey's emotion as the coach stopped before Mistress Dwight's door may be imagined. Ellen was prepared and came out speedily, accompanied by a servant, who, throwing a dim illumination from his lantern into the interior, enabled her to take a seat at the remotest angle from the supposed colonel. The carriage moved off.

Godfrey said not a word during some minutes, though every breath in the dark, close warmth of the interior, where she breathed also, was like a perfume from heaven. The wheels rattled outside with a dull noise: he looked into the obscurity without to satisfy himself that they were following the Calvert Hill road. At the next instant Ellen spoke.

"What means this strange night journey, Colonel Carter, if that is you sitting there in the dark so silently?" she asked.

"It means a wedding, Ellen, if thou art willing."

"Godfrey here too?" she cried.

"None but I alone," he answered; and in a moment she was in his arms.

It makes me young again, thinking on these two lovers so joyously reunited, even in the teeth of destiny (but perhaps by the furtherance of a yet *deeper* destiny); nor need I, having shown them so well advanced in their good fortune, follow them further along their journey. Not until its end did their driver discover his mistake, and they were then at the minister's door on Calvert Hill.

Parson MacFinster was much taken aback when he found who awaited him in his parlor.

"I have come to tell thee, Parson MacFinster, that my father made a mistake," said Godfrey, without waste of words; "and see here, I have brought a double purse of gold to convince thee of it."

"A double purse of gold is a great help to conviction," answered the parson, recovering his countenance; "and since the proverb says all is fair in love and war—and this seems to partake somewhat of both—I am your obedient servant, at your service."

"Then marry me speedily," said Godfrey, "to this young lady, Mistress Ellen Edgeworth, and thank God she is a more willing bride than one or two that report says have come here."

Months afterward Colonel Anthony Carter forgave his son, and the family was reunited at a Christmas dinner, where fair Ellen behaved in such admirable spirit toward the colonel that his forgiveness at once ceased to be perfunctory, and became genuine. He kissed her heartily, saying he liked her better as a daughter than as a wife, and from that day they were boon friends.

And the Inexplicable Messenger? It is here, hanging over the desk at which I write. Colonel Carter's sword-cane has descended to me, his grandnephew, with one thin little love-note actually in place in that narrow cavity where the sword enters—the same note that I have copied. Slipping out into the hall where the cane stood, perhaps a hundred years ago this very night, fair Ellen or gallant Godfrey would withdraw one little missive and substitute another, then hasten back with bated breath into the lighted room, thus making the unsuspecting colonel in his daily visits carrier of the very mail he was so solicitous of intercepting.

JOHN M. CAMPBELL.

Mr. John M. Campbell, who has been appointed Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia, was born in that city on the 30th of May, 1850. His father was Judge James Campbell, who was Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania under the administration of Governor Bigler, and Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President Pierce. The son is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, of the class of 1870. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, and has devoted himself largely to what in Philadelphia is known as Orphans' Court practice. He began to take an active part in politics as soon as he reached his majority, and has been a delegate to nearly every Democratic State Convention since 1874. He was a candidate on the Hancock electoral ticket in 1880, and a delegate to the National Convention last year. He has been prominent on the Philadelphia Democratic City Committee and the State Committee of Pennsylvania since 1878, and has presided over a number of local conventions. He declined to be a candidate for the City Councils or the State Legislature, and has held public office only as a member of the Philadelphia Board of Education, in which his energy and public spirit have been conspicuous. His recent appointment has been credited to the influence of Mr. Randall, and seems to be generally acceptable.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY.

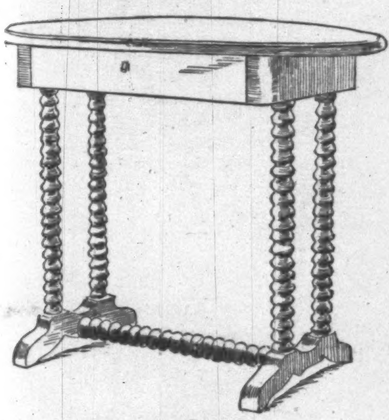
Mr. William F. Harrity, the newly appointed Postmaster of Philadelphia, is a native of Wilmington, Delaware, where he was born on the 19th of October, 1850. His father, Michael Harrity, came from Ireland shortly before that time, and was for some years engaged in business in Wilmington, whence he removed to Philadelphia some time after the war. The family were Roman Catholics, and young Harrity received his early education in schools associated with that religious faith in Wilmington, and in 1867 entered La Salle College in Philadelphia, graduating at the head of his class in 1870. After spending a year as tutor of Latin and mathematics in the same institution, and receiving the degree of A.M., he began the study of law in the office of the well-known Lewis C. Cassidy, and was admitted to the bar in 1873. He was connected with the firm of Archer & Cassidy until 1880, when he set up an independent practice of his own, devoting himself mainly to the management of estates and purely mercantile practice. He took a prominent part in political management, being chairman of the Philadelphia City Executive Committee of the Democratic party during the exciting campaign of 1882, when Pattison was elected Governor of Pennsylvania, and the Democrats achieved an unwonted success in Philadelphia. Since then he has been connected with the State Committee, and was elected delegate at large to the last Democratic National Convention, where he was devoted to the interests of Mr. Randall, to whom he had long been politically attached. He owed his appointment as Postmaster to Mr. Randall's influence largely, though he had the support of other prominent men of the party. He succeeds General Huidekoper, who was re-appointed last February by President Arthur, on the expiration of his first term. There were no charges against the efficiency of the post-office, though the postmaster was known as an earnest party man. President **Cleveland** hesitated to remove him, but when prevailed upon, had no hesitation in the appointment of his successor. Mr. **Harrity** has the reputation of being a man of decided administrative ability and upright character, and his appointment was received with general satisfaction, except by those who regretted **Huidekoper's** removal.

THE WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."

One of the most disastrous wrecks that ever occurred on Lake Superior was that which befell the steamer *Algoma* on the 7th of November. The story of the disaster was told in the number of Harper's Weekly for November 21. There were only fifteen persons saved, out of the sixty-three that had left Owen Sound, and they included only two of the passengers. The captain, both mates, and ten of the crew were saved, but some of them had received severe injuries. The steamer was a total wreck, only the afterpart of the hull remaining, and the broken material and remnants of the cargo were washed ashore and driven far up the beach, as vividly shown in our illustration. The suffering survivors remained on the watch until Monday morning, when, about nine o'clock, the *Athabasca* was sighted. The attention of her officers was attracted to the wreck, and she rescued the castaways and took them to Port Arthur, where they arrived on the evening of the same day. The terror and agony of the day and night on the wreck, when one after another was torn from his desperate hold and washed away, or leaped overboard, are rather to be imagined than depicted.

SOUVENIRS OF LEE'S SURRENDER.

By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER.



THE TABLE UPON WHICH THE SURRENDER WAS SIGNED.

I was in Washington at the time of the surrender of the Confederate army. In a few days after it took place, my father's friends, Senator and Mrs. Chandler, of Michigan, knowing how intolerably long each hour seemed, after hostilities ceased, before my husband could come to me, had the kindness to ask me to go with them to the front.

A party composed of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War" and their wives were on board the President's boat, which carried us to Richmond.

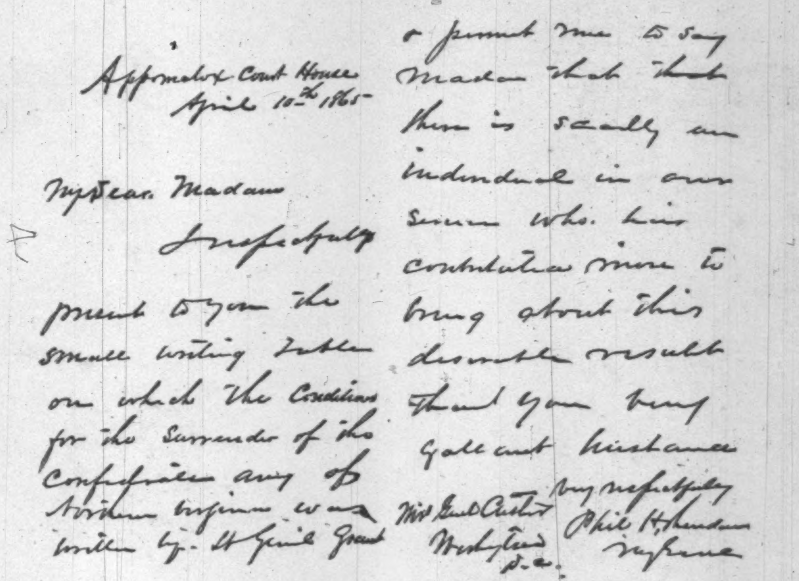
As we neared that city a telegram was sent, from a point where we stopped temporarily, to my husband, asking him to come after me. The cavalry had not been engaged directly about the Southern capital, but were further in the interior of the State. When General Custer came he had to undergo some chaffing from both civilians and officers because, as they said, "After five years' fighting to get into Richmond, his wife had really beaten him in reaching there first."

We bade good-by to the Committee on the Conduct of the War, who were going to Savannah, and my husband and I took a tug-boat down the James River to City Point. There we changed to the cars to go to his head-quarters at Notaway Court House. The officers who joined us at the station tried to duly impress me with the honor that I was about to experience in being the first loyal lady to go over the famous South-side Railroad. The honor was lost sight of at the repugnance I felt on entering. The officers had spread their army capes and overcoats over two seats, and my husband carried me in and set me down in the midst of these, with the request that if I remained thus protected it would be the wiser part of valor. The old worn-out cars had been used, for days previous, to transport prisoners. To this day, mingled with my memories of that great epoch in our history, I find an involuntary shudder rise when I recall the day's journey in that dreadful car.

However, my whole being was concentrated into one thought, "The war was ended!" and had they asked me that day to take up my abode in a crockery crate, or a "dug-out" on the plains for the next six months, I should not have rebelled.

My husband had told me on our journey that General Sheridan had sent me the table on which the surrender of General Lee to General Grant had been signed, and as soon as we reached our head-quarters that night he ran to bring it to me.

It was such an unassuming little stand, of the cheapest stained pine, with turned legs and one shallow drawer, I could hardly believe that it had figured in so memorable a scene. Accompanying it was General Sheridan's letter as proof positive. My husband and I, being grateful to have descended from a line of honorable people, had not missed the ownership of family archives. No sooner were we in possession of that letter of generous praise than we set up one at once. I have heard my husband say that he valued it more than the table itself. On rare occasions he took it out from a red wallet, where he always kept it after the war, to show to some friend; though only to those whose interest in our welfare was unmistakable, and who he felt sure would not misunderstand his confidence.



Appomattox Court House
April 10th 1865

My Dear Madam

I respectfully
present to you the
small writing table
on which the Conditions
for the Surrender of the
Confederate Army of
Northern Virginia was
written by Lt Genl Grant
& permit me to say
Madam that that
there is scarcely an
individual in our
service who has
contributed more to
bring about this
desirable result
than your very
gallant husband

Very respectfully
Phil H. Sheridan
Maj Genl

Mrs Genl Custer
Washington
D.C.

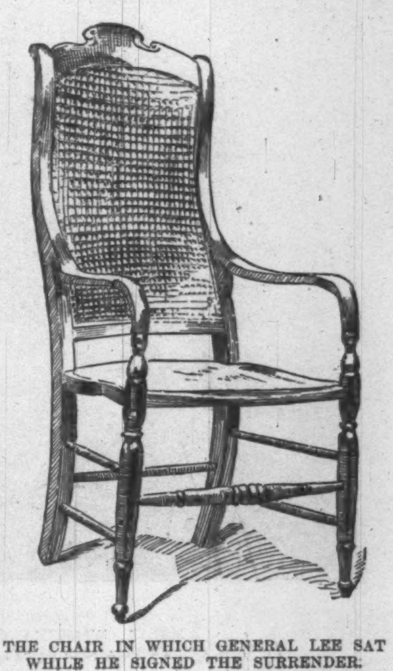
As reticent as he was in speaking of himself, I recall his following up the conversation about this invaluable tribute from his chief, with a little story as proof of the trust reposed in him, and by which he felt himself so honored.

On one occasion in the Shenandoah Valley he was ordered to take his Third Cavalry Division at a distance from the main army and operate almost as a separate body. All the orders he received from the man he served so enthusiastically were, "Custer, go in and give them"—something I need not itemize, nor need the order be sought for in the tactics. It meant finish them up, which the records of the grand Third Division show was effectually done.

The General used to point to me sometimes and say to our friends, "The old lady has evidently found some favor with our chief, for he lets her come down every time I ask him, if there happens to be a lull in affairs, and he has said to me: 'Custer, you are the only man whom I know that matrimony has not spoiled for a good cavalry-man. You can charge, as far as I can see, just as often as when you were a bachelor.'" General Sheridan rather dreaded to have his officers marry. At that time he did not have his beautiful wife, and he could not understand, what would now be clear to him, that it is a trifle more difficult to dash through an enemy's lines with the face of the woman you love coming up before you all the time to take the pluck out of you when you most need it.

I often wonder how I had the good fortune to receive so valuable a souvenir as the table. Perhaps as a reward for not having spoiled General Custer for his profession. But I deserve no credit for the fact that after his marriage he still continued his record as a fearless charger. Venus might buckle on the armor (for it needed some one to assist in putting on the sash which was a part of the uniform then), but she said nothing to incite Mars to war. She simply bedewed the shining metal and sash with tears, and much as she really loved her country, the spirit of self-denying patriotism which called for her to give up her all was at a very low ebb.

The officers who had been in the McLean farm-house described the room to me as it looked the day of the capitulation. Some of our own staff went there and bought pieces of the furniture from Mrs. McLean, which I saw while at Notaway Court House.



THE CHAIR IN WHICH GENERAL LEE SAT WHILE HE SIGNED THE SURRENDER.

General Capehart, of Virginia, now living at Fargo, Dakota, owns the chair, which he purchased that day, in which General Grant sat while General Lee signed the surrender. It is a revolving office chair.

General E. W. Whitaker, who was General Custer's Inspector-General at that time, secured the chair in which General Lee sat while he signed the surrender.

The inkstand was purchased by Colonel M. V. Sheridan, but he bemoans its loss, and tells me that "Phil" stole it out of his room one day long ago to "give it to a girl."

In speaking with Mr. Clemens this summer about these mementos of the war, he told me he owned the inkstand, that his agent had bought it, but he did not know where. A blank occurs in the career of the historical inkstand from the time it was filched from the colonel's table until it came into Mark Twain's hands.

I suppose the McLean parlor had been partly cleaned to make sufficient space for General Grant's corps commanders and staff, and General Lee's chief of staff. I think Mrs. McLean sold everything in the room that day except the vivid red and green carpet. If she had only had the foresight to cut that up into bits, she might readily have bought the adjacent farm with the proceeds of what the carpet would have brought her, sold as souvenirs.

Another valuable relic given me at the time I received the table was the Confederate flag of truce sent into our lines the morning of the surrender at Appomattox Court House. On our way down to my husband's head-quarters he told me of the memento in reserve for me. With the verdancy of youth I really expected to see a veritable flag, though I don't know that I went so far as to think that gallant men carried one around ready for emergencies. When I found myself in possession of a large honey-comb towel, the poetry departed out of my anticipations. I afterward heard that when it was decided by General Lee to send a flag of truce into our lines, General Gordon went out among the men to try and find something white. After finding there was not a linen handkerchief in the Confederacy, he asked in despair for a "boiled shirt." There being an equal dearth in that line of apparel, he borrowed the towel, for which Major Sims had paid forty dollars in Confederate money.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.

The following extracts are from a personal letter from General Whitaker to me, showing how the Confederate flag of truce came into my possession:

"Sheridan was in command of all the troops engaged on the field that morning, he having a large command of infantry that had reached the field, by marching all night, in time to occupy by daylight the cavalry line of battle across the Lynchburg Pike, facing east, completely cutting off Lee's retreat toward Lynchburg. The entire cavalry corps being thus relieved, was massed on the right flank of the infantry line, and at sunrise, under the eye of Sheridan in person, moved out, General Custer at the head of the Third Division, in advance, in column by squadrons, each brigade with a battery of light artillery, six pieces each."

"The battle had commenced in the unsuccessful charge of General Gordon on the infantry line."

"General Custer was looking for an opening for a charge, when Captain Sims came out from the enemy to meet the head of our command, with the large white towel for a truce in his hand. He said to General Custer, 'General Lee requests a suspension of hostilities.' General Custer turned to me (his ranking staff officer) and said, 'Whitaker, go with this officer and say to General Lee that I can not stop this charge unless he announces an unconditional surrender, as I am not the commanding officer of the field.' On our reaching Generals Longstreet and Gordon (Lee had gone to the rear to find General Grant), they both assured me that the request for a suspension of hostilities was a surrender in good faith; that Lee was then convinced, as they personally had been for several days, that that was the only course to take. I was earnestly entreated by them to take the same flag of truce and stay the infantry line of battle, which at that moment was getting too close for comfort, and seemed to be only reserving its fire for the more effective short range. I consented to do so on condition that Captain Sims should go with me. (Sims says that an officer named Brown went with me, to whom he said, 'Do not let the Yankee have the towel.') I well know that I stopped the infantry line, and assured the generals, Ord and Chamberlain, of the surrender with that truce in my hand and a Confederate officer by my side. Then my duty to report the situation to General Custer took me at once back on the gallop to where I left him, all the time swinging the same towel in my hand as a truce. I put it in the breast of my coat, and when trophies and relics were being talked of, I said to General Custer that the old towel was the best relic, and he should possess it, as he was at the head of the column when it appeared."

"P. S.—Of course you remember what a grand time General Custer had, meeting that day many of his old class-mates at West Point, and the pledges we gave all that so long as their parole was respected we would stand between them and the politicians, who they feared would commence hanging them."

During the absence of General Whitaker with the message to General Lee, having grown impatient at the prolonged stay of that officer, General Custer started for General Longstreet's head-quarters. The Confederate soldiers on that part of the line, being ignorant that a flag of truce had been sent asking for a cessation of hostilities, were preparing to fire upon him. He halted, and having only a red bandana handkerchief, borrowed a small cotton one from his orderly, who marvellously enough had this unusual luxury with him. Then he dashed on, with only this little bit of white rag for protection. I have the handkerchief now as another souvenir of that memorable day.

A Confederate soldier, in writing of the gloom and despondency of the last day's defeat, says: "Oh, the anguish of that hour! We saw surrendered eighteen battle-flags which bore on their tattered folds the historic names of Manassas, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court House. Wait! Every cloud has its silver lining. The next morning, after a refreshing slumber on the sweetest of all beds—the bare ground—we were again marshalled in line. Down that line came General Custer. By his yellow hair and boyish face he is known to us all. Near the centre of the line he turns to his band and orders it to play 'Dixie.' As the marvellous strains of the Confederate war song floated in liquid sweetness around us and over us, we break into tumultuous cheering. General Custer waves his hat, and a thousand gallant soldiers in blue dash their caps in the air. Such was General Custer in the presence of a conquered foe. Here might the artist have found his inspiration for 'Custer's Last Rally.'"

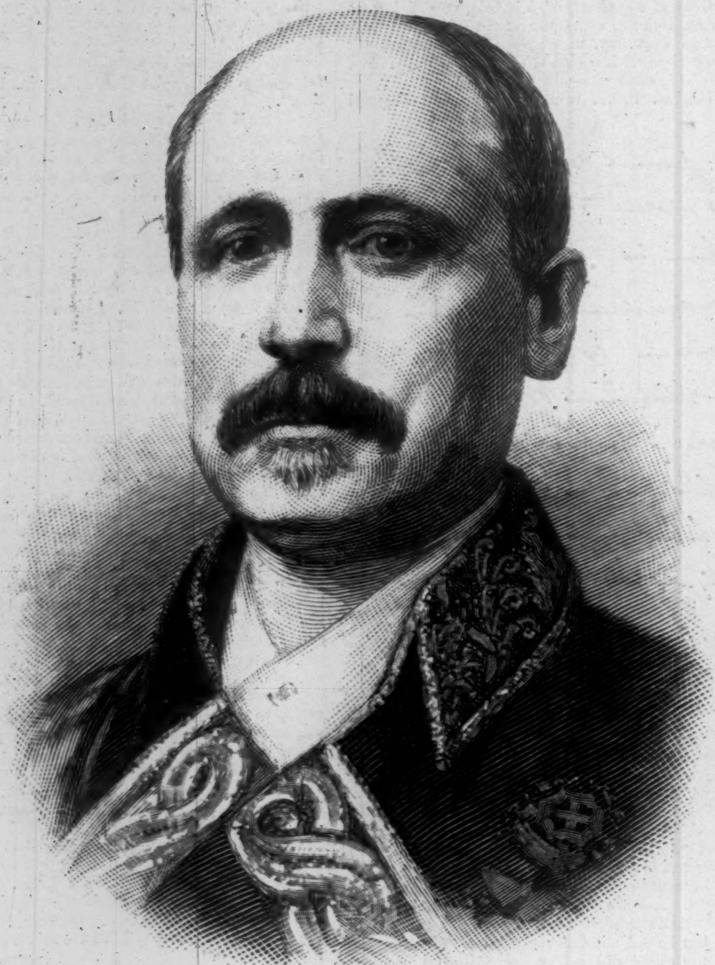
I recall my husband describing the last night before the surrender, and saying there were such strict orders about fires being made, for fear the position of the troops would be disclosed to the enemy, that it was quite late in the evening before he had any coffee. A hole was dug in the ground in order to hide the flame of the small fire lighted to boil the coffee, as my husband could not eat, from excitement and fatigue, and coffee was his sole stimulant.

An officer coming up to report found him sitting on a log holding his tin cup in his hand. He made his statement, and receiving no response, looked more closely, and found General Custer sound asleep, sitting bolt-upright. The cavalry all slept that night with the bridle-reins in their hands.

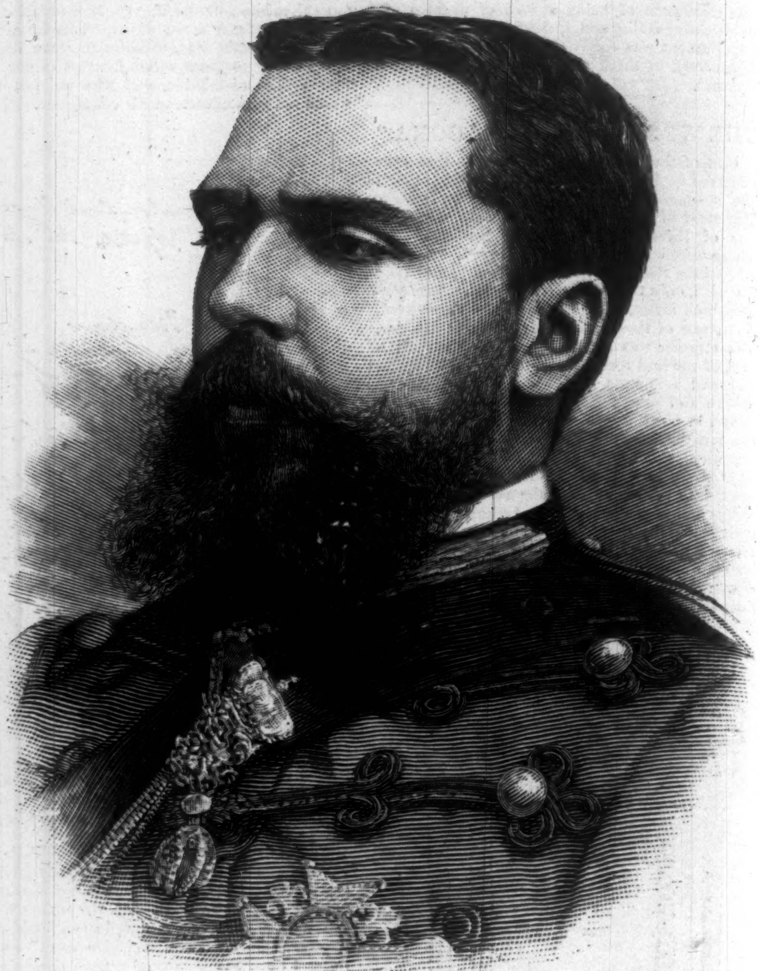
One of the staff officers in writing to me said: "I know the saddest thoughts of the war to me were when I saw the wounded and dead of the fight the morning of the surrender, and thought of their going through the war only to lose their lives at the last moment before the final end."

General Custer had a tent or two pitched on the hill on the right of the house of Wilmer McLean when the surrender took place, and a number of his old West Point friends came to see him. I remember their embracing, and the genuine hearty reception given the Confederates by General Custer. My husband told me that seven Confederate officers slept with him under the blankets in his tent that first night.

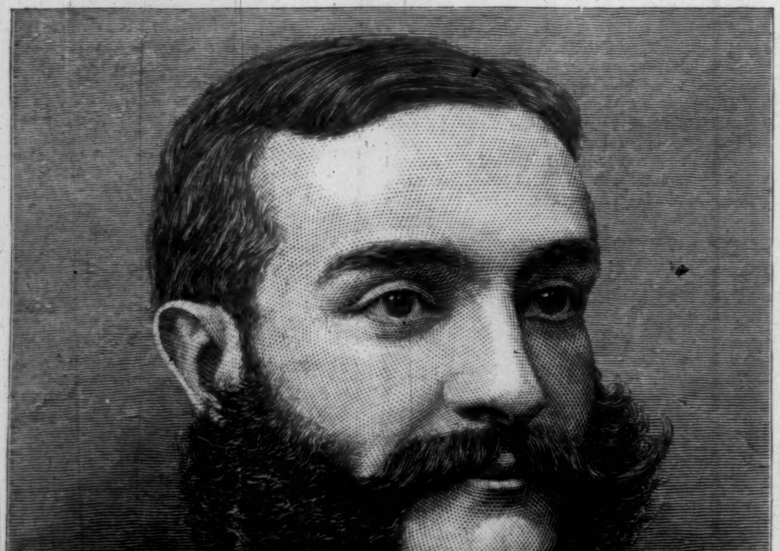
New York, *November* 16, 1885.



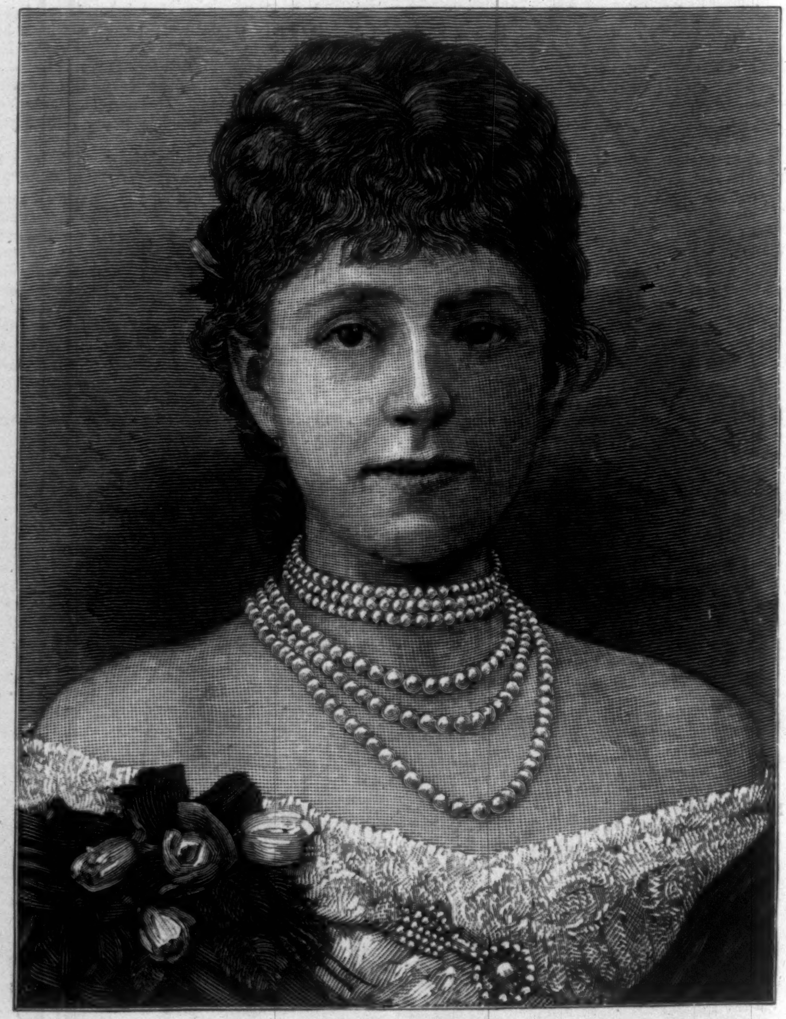
THE LATE MARSHAL SERRANO.
Photographed by Fredericks, Paris and New York.—[See Page 803.]



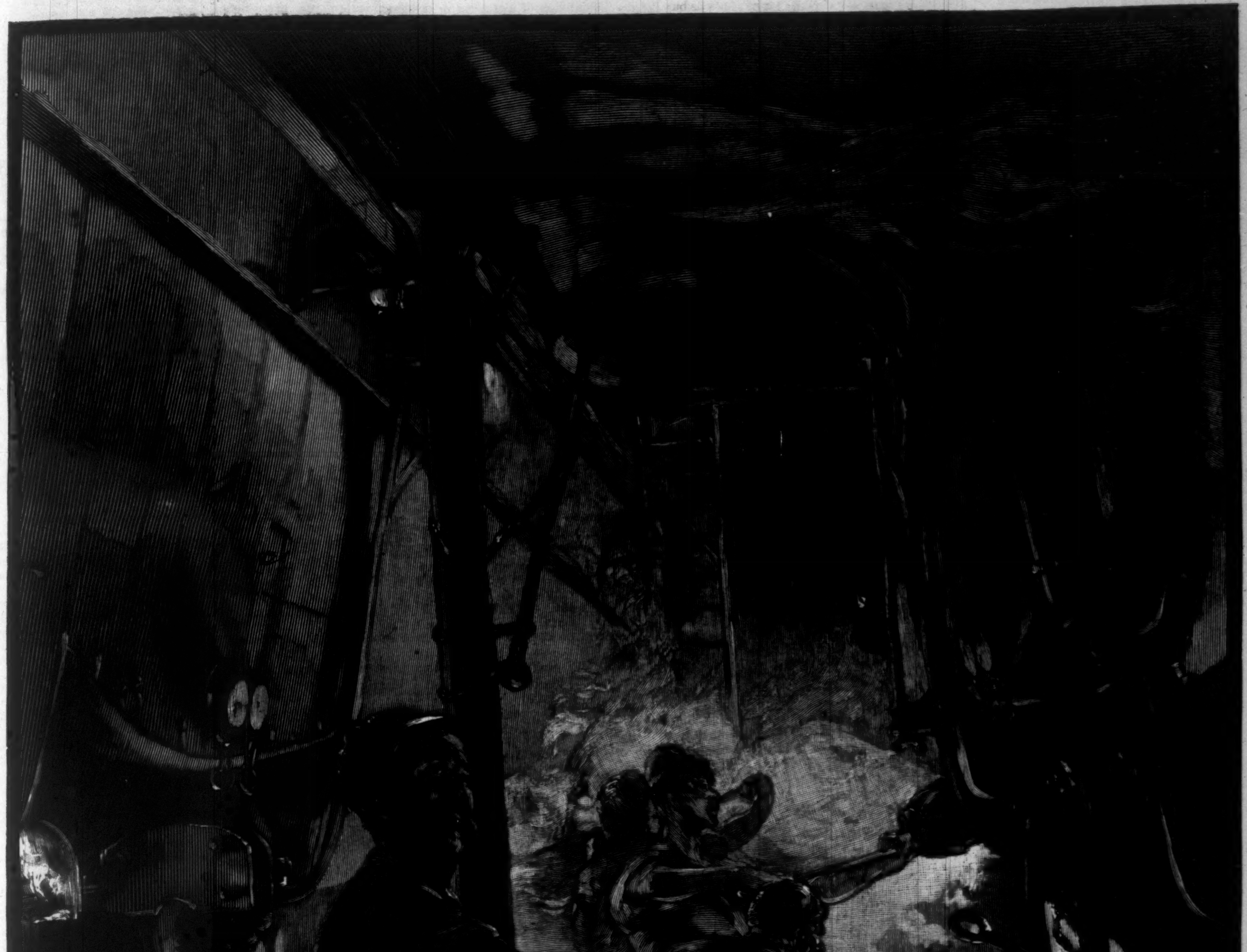
DON CARLOS.
Photographed by Elliott & Fry, London.—[See Page 803.]



ALFONSO XII., THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.
Photographed by Debas, Madrid.—[See Page 803.]



MARIE CHRISTINA, QUEEN-REGENT OF SPAIN.
Photographed by Debas, Madrid.—[See Page 803.]



THE BOILER-ROOM OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.—Drawn by Walter Shirlaw.—[See Page 808.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE WAY TO THE FAIR.

In the airiest spirits Anatole stepped out by Millison's side, whistling, singing, shouting; not for a single instant could the happy fellow hold his peace.

"Monsieur Millison," he said—Millison seeming so much easier to French lips than Methold—"tell me one thing. Have you ever known what it is to be over head and ears in love?"

"In love?" Millison answered. "My country-folks, you know, are behind you all in the least little thing. In England we never dream of falling in love till we are fifty at least."

"Then it will be many a year before you can know what it is to feel as light-hearted as I do now," was the reply.

"You thankless wretch!" laughed Millison. "If I had not made her acquaintance, I should have supposed your sweet little wife to be a virago."

Mrs. Anatole and the babies had been spending the last fortnight at La Fleurie by special invitation, so that Millison spoke with due authority.

Anatole laughed too. "Ah! Just because she is perfection itself, it is such a relief to me to travel bachelor fashion for a week or two. You see, sir, the more angelic the woman, the worse the man is bound to appear, and when, as in the case of my little Fanny, she is absolutely without fault, it is almost more than an ordinary mortal can bear. Now had she only a leaning to some pretty imperfection or other, things would seem more even. But not a bit of it. Never such a woman before; never a moment too late or too soon in anything. Even when our bantlings are expected, no false alarms turning the house topsy-turvy a month too soon, no fluster or bluster at the last, but doctor and nurse all ready when the baby comes, which it does to the moment."

Another laugh from Millison. He began to think Anatole as amusing as Mrs. Brindle. His natural elasticity of spirits was fast returning.

"Then look at her appearance: never a hair out of place; stockings white as snow and fitting like a glove. One might swear she had her own hair-dresser and maid like a marshal's wife or a princess."

"But all that is adorable!" said Millison. "A thousand bachelors would surely buy wedding rings to-morrow if they could find such a feminine paragon."

"And her ironing, her sewing, her cooking! But you have tasted Fanny's omelets; are they not enough to make the mouth of the great Pharaoh himself water, although he has been a mummy four thousand years? I say nothing about her discretion, her amiability, her readiness to oblige; 'tis all of a piece."

"And you are the luckiest fellow under the sun."

"That I am, though I feel at times like some poor little imp that has squeezed himself among the saints in paradise. Now if Fanny would only once, just once, get into a fine tantrum, or overturn the dinner, or let the baby fall into a pond—not that I would have a hair of its darling little head injured for worlds—I should not every moment be put out of countenance as I am now."

"We must hope, then, that a happy change is yet in store for you. Mrs. Fanny may become a perfect termagant some day. No accounting for women, so they say," laughed the young philosopher.

"I should be more than happy if she turned out a gormandizer," said Anatole, with perfect gravity.

"A little, round, shiny creature, ogling her dinner as a forward minx ogles her lover. The abomination!" cried Millison. "For my part I would prefer a thousand times to live with a female Hercules who knocked me down regularly every week."

"But you see," Anatole pursued, "the least little weakness in the matter of eating and drinking would make my Fanny more disposed to humor mine. I am a moderate man, Heaven knows, but an extra cup of coffee now, an extra glass of wine, just one more, surely a tiny indulgence does no harm once in a way."

"Ah!" said Millison, with gentle satire, "Fanny, wise woman, knows the danger of the thin edge of the wedge. Depend on it, my poor Anatole, if you were left to yourself, or were married to a glutton in petticoats, you would soon be at the charge of the parish."

Anatole sighed. "Without doubt Heaven knows what is best for us, and, as my pious father was never tired of saying, a virtuous wife may bring a man to desperation, but to the almshouse never."

"I think I would rather take the chance of the almshouse. But I shall bear your warning in mind," answered the young man. "When I look about for a wife I will certainly avoid perfection."

"You won't limit your choice much by that proviso," was the reply. "I don't suppose—my Fanny excepted—there is an absolutely perfect woman in all France."

"That is fortunate. And now tell me what on earth are you going to this fair for? You must have seen such sights a hundred times."

"All the more reason why I want to see another. Look you, sir," Anatole went on. "Whatever you much-travelled gentlefolks may think, there is no finer show under heaven than a fair. I say nothing of the gingerbread stalls, the jugglers, the wax-work, and the merry-go-round. It all passes away an idle hour, and brings a copper to empty hats. But the grand part of a fair is the Almighty's contribution, the beeves, the horses, the sheep, the swine: somehow we must see a goodly lot of noble beasts together to understand what a poor place the world would be without them. I would rather stare at to-morrow's show than the great review of the year in the Champs Élysées. The soldiers, you see, are fine fellows to look at, but just put 'em in Adam's dress, and they are only flesh and blood like ourselves. The glory of a beast is its own, whether it goes on all fours, flies through the air, or swims in the deep. Man can degrade but not magnify it. As it comes into the world, so doth it go out, beholden neither to tailor, wig-maker, dancing or drilling master, dyer or dentist. And finer animals France rears not than you will behold to-morrow."

"You come from these parts, do you not?" asked Millison.

"Pure Morvan, born and bred, sir. All my own people will be at the fair. You will see me weeping as if my heart would break."

"Is it such a calamity to meet one's relations, then?"

"Look you, sir. Life is so uncertain. I shed tears of joy one moment to think I embrace my aged father once more, and the next am ready to weep my eyes out at the thought that in all probability we shall never meet again here below. Then the quarrels and nasty little differences made up on such occasions! Last year, at this very fair, one of my brothers-in-law called me everything you can think of, and fisticuffed me in the public place, because we could not agree about the color of a pig. I called it gray; he swore it was yellow; finally our friends stepped up and separated us, or the consequences might have been serious. To-morrow—I see it before my mind's eye—Jean will come up to me declaring the pig was gray. I shall fall into his arms, taking my oath upon it that he was right, and that the pig was yellow. Finally you will behold us drinking a glass together as pleasantly as two thieves just let out of prison. Nothing like a fair to put everything straight, I tell you. You sell if you like and buy if you choose, and, when night comes, everybody goes home so happy and contented one might think the world had come to an end."

Thus jauntily they trudged on, beguiling the way with pleasant talk. Soon they emerged from the densely wooded sides of the valley into the plain below, taking the broad departmental road, gray amid the twilight shadows.

"We need not hasten, nor must we lag behind," said Anatole. "The diligence, you see, when it overtakes us may be full, but we are still nearer our night's lodging by the way, or it may be empty, so that if we hurry too much we sha'n't throw away our money. Gently, gently, then, young sir, as if we were not quite sure whether Monsieur le Diable lurked before or behind us."

By-and-by the distant rumble of wheels announced the cumbersome old berline carrying the mails, and luck was theirs. Everybody had been so cautious, so afraid of being too late for the fair, that they found the diligence all but empty. Only one sleepy traveller in blue blouse occupied a corner seat.

"You take my advice and never try to get anywhere too soon," pursued Mentor to Telemachus, as he arranged knapsacks and bundles so as to make two cozy sofas. "Take the fair, for instance: folks are so afraid of not getting a seat, not getting a bed and a supper, and all the rest of it, that instead of waiting till the proper time, they lose a whole day and the best of everything by being a day too soon. The nattiest rooms, the tidbits, are always kept in reserve for the late comers. Ask mine hostess. 'Tis the same as in a family, the last baby is always the apple of its parents' eye, and in order to cosset it and give it a good time, all the others are sent flying."

Anatole now opened his wallet; the pair made a hearty supper; then settled themselves for a sound slumber. It soon came. More than one halt was made in order to change horses, but the three tired travellers only woke up to shake themselves and drowse once more. Not till after sunrise, when they stopped at a little way-side inn, could Millison be brought to have done with sleep.

"The diligence waits for nobody; so let it go here, I say," cried Anatole. "There is the fair, there is the city, only a mile and a half off. And coffee awaits us within; don't you smel lit? I couldn't go on. I couldn't really, not if the image of my patron saint should appear and urge me."

Millison assented readily, and whilst Anatole went in-doors to order breakfast and prattle with the house folks, he lingered outside gazing at the sweet picture. None sweeter, fairer, in many-pictured France.

The inn stood in the brown, sunny plain, but looking straight before him he beheld a little city so dainty of outline, having a background so gracious and beautiful, that at first sight the whole seemed made to look at, nothing more. Never had an artist arranged ideal landscape and dream-city more harmoniously on canvas.

The first object on which the eye rested was an exquisitely proportioned cathedral, built of soft gray stone, having one conspicuous, most lovely spire, no more. Around it lay the town, the houses not piled *pêle-mêle*, as at Velours, where everybody, carried away by religious zeal, had indecorously quarrelled for the nearest place. It was rather as if, softened by the beauty around, each early builder had raised his modest pile at a considerable distance from the church, fraternally leaving the choicest spots for others to fill up. Around and above city and spire rose the pleasant hills—mountains they are called in these parts, but little matter the name. Whilst Nature here has had all her own way, every form being precisely what it was when the foundations of the city were laid, there is no ruggedness or inequality. One fair hill rises gently above another, till together they make just as much of a picture as the frame will hold, and in entire keeping with it. A wild ravine, a beetling crag, any admixture of awfulness or savagery, would have made the charming little town with its crowning gem, the cathedral, look incongruous and out of place.

"Not a birth-place to be ashamed of, eh, sir!" ejaculated Anatole, as he summoned Millison to coffee. "I have a feeling about the spot one is born in as I have about one's father and mother. No one could choose to be begotten of a scoundrel and born of a hussy. And no one if he could help it would first see the light in a place not worth looking at."

"There is something in that," Millison replied as he followed him into the inn.

CHAPTER XXX.

A RENCONTRE.

When they had regaled, Anatole produced from his bundle two span-new blue cotton blouses such as rural folk wear in France, alike the poor and the well-to-do. Having put one on, with evident satisfaction, he now proffered the other to his companion.

"Take my advice, sir, and whenever you go to the fair, dress as fairing people do. What could an ox know of his fellows in his stall if he got himself painted as a zebra? You have rather a French look—a dark skin, eyes like coals, hair raven black. You have only to slip the blouse over your coat, take this stout stick, and I could swear—no offense, I hope—you were a Morvan farmer going to buy beasts."

Millison assented smilingly, and then glanced sideways at his companion. Was it possible that Jeannie had suggested such a step as a precautionary measure? He forbore to ask questions, however, and followed out Anatole's directions down to the minutest particular.

"Look you," Anatole cried, highly delighted at the result, "keep your mouth shut, your eyes open, and you will be as wise to-night as if you had read a printed book from beginning to end."

"And that might not be very wise either," replied the young man.

"Then as wise—as wise as a prime minister."

"Well," laughed Millison, "I suppose at some time or other, and in some quarter of the globe, there once lived a wise prime minister; otherwise we should not put so much faith in the name."

They stepped out gayly, and half an hour's brisk walk brought them in full view of the fair.

What a scene it was!

Far as the eye could reach were moving masses of creamy white oxen and their blue-bloused conductors; nothing else visible, or at least noticeable. The graceful curves of the noble beasts, their deep blue surroundings, only were conspicuous; and romantic, even fairy-like, was the picture they made. A fanciful spectator, indeed, might have imagined that here was no fair at all, no crowds of white cattle worth a thousand francs each, with prosaic farmers come to market, real flesh and blood, arrayed in the sky-colored cotton of the country. Rather, the market-place, viewed from a little distance, looked like a deep blue Southern harbor's mouth crowded with unfurled sails, or some tourney in imitation of knightly days, gleaming white tents studding a field draped and spread with cloth of azure.

But whether regarded as a piece of sober, solid reality—in other words, a cattle fair—or a dream-picture signifying what we will, the scene was striking and original in the extreme. Such masses of blue and white (no crude tints, but the softest, most harmonious imaginable) are rarely witnessed, perhaps nowhere out of the French Morvan on a certain day in September. And for a very good reason. In no other part of France are cattle so uniformly white and beautiful, while perhaps nowhere is the blouse more persistently adhered to than by the Morvandiaux, sons of the ancient, primitive race of Gaul.

When Millison Methold found himself in the thick of the fair there was as much to wonder at and admire. These wearers of the blouse, he soon saw, had nothing in common with the drover employed on such occasions among ourselves. The magnificent, gentle, spotlessly white beeves being far too precious to intrust to hirelings, their owners had driven them that morning to market, putting the clean cotton garment over Sunday broadcloth, as a pinafore to keep it clean. Many of these stalwart farmers had a look of gentle birth, whilst the reserve, sobriety, and quiet self-possession of all astonished the young Englishman not a little. He had expected a scene of indescribable tumult, hurly-burly, and confusion.

The thought struck him, as he gazed on these grand-looking peasants of the Morvan, and reviewed his aspirations of a few weeks back: "Why should men so calm, deliberate, so capable of sagely directing their worldly affairs, so far-seeing in matters requiring tact and insight—why, I ask myself, should these fully developed human beings need a poor creature like myself to mediate between themselves and their Maker? Supposing that I were to come, an abbé, five years hence, with full powers to confess and absolve among these discreet men of business, these admirable husbandmen, these irreproachable heads of houses, what could they find to say to me in the confessional? Should I not be put to the blush by my incompetency and the comparison between myself and them? In my own person a negation of the purest ties, the most moralizing responsibilities, the most self-evident duties; they, on the other hand, obliged in the least little thing to exercise self-government and patience, toil laboriously and for others, not themselves, to share alike the good and the evil allotted to man as his natural portion. Oh, Jeannie! Jeannie! from what fearful self-delusion have you not rescued me!"

Leaving Anatole to his friends, the young man quitted the bustling market-place and entered the cathedral, no longer the airy, dainty, perfect structure it had looked afar off, but a vast and imposing pile, hoary with age and august with souvenirs. But for an aged beggar or two, the vast and richly pictorial interior was deserted; these harmless pensioners, blind, crippled, or half idiotic as the case may be, are thus allowed to end their days in French churches, perpetual annuitants of the pious.

Millison emptied his pockets of small coin; then sauntered down the rainbow-tinted aisles, pondering vaguely on the future and his coming fortunes. Amid the new scenes in which he now found himself, so engrossing to a nature gifted with quick insight and artistic perceptions, direct, painful thought became impossible. The present with its actualities, half delicious, half painful, receded or was perceived through a glimmering haze. He felt, indeed, much as one rescued only just in time from drowning, and during the slow process of resuscitation realizes but dimly the objects absorbing his whole energies a few hours before.

As he lingered thus, loath to quit that gorgeous twilight for the garish day without, a familiar, unmistakable voice sounded close behind him.

"Yes," said Aubrey Sheldrake to his companion, speaking in those loud, crisp tones English tourists never seem to consider unbecoming in foreign churches—"yes, when I travel and see the fictitious allurements imparted to devotion by parade and spectacular diversion—I can call it by no other name—it is easy to understand the fascination exercised by Romanism over wavering minds. As long, doubtless, as the world lasts, popery—in other words, civilized paganism—will be the religion of the unstable and weak-kneed; in fact, the Millison Metholds."

And a clerical voice replied—Millison was under no necessity of stealing a sly glance; he felt sure that Aubrey's travelling companion was also an Anglican curate—"Ah, Methold, did he go to Rome to prepare for the priesthood, after all?"

"I suppose so, but I have heard nothing since I parted company with the Dean some weeks since. To tell you the real truth, when people act so absurdly as to make me doubt in their moral balance, I lose all interest in them—I do indeed."

Well for Millison that the blue blouse served as a disguise. The pair now continued their survey, passing close to the very *prie-dieu* on which he knelt. Motionless, hat in hand, head bent low, he looked exactly like what they took him to be—a French peasant stealing a moment for prayer from the business of the fair.

"A fine young fellow that," said Aubrey, condescendingly, "but doubtless grovelling in ignorance and superstition. The materialism, too, of these French peasants must be dreadful. How they eat! I counted seven courses served out to a party in blue blouses at our hotel. English farmers of the same class would have been satisfied with a snack of bread and cheese and a glass of beer. Well, I suppose we may say that we have seen the cathedral? We have just half an hour for the museum. It is wonderful how much one may get through in a day by a judicious cramming of Murray beforehand." They passed out, Millison following at a respectful distance. He watched them into the museum and out; kept an eye upon their movements as they entered the principal hotel; finally, to his relief, saw them enter the omnibus and drive off in the direction of the railway station.

The incident was not precisely agreeable, but recognition would have been less so. If Aubrey despised him for taking up with new theologies and embracing new creeds and theories of life, what judgment could be passed upon his conduct now?

"After all," he mused, with a bitter smile, "how many of us do *not* appear poor creatures in the eyes of our contemporaries? Aubrey and I have ever been good friends, yet were I to put into words exactly my opinion of his manner of life and way of looking at things, would my appraisement be so much more flattering than his own? I try to discover a principle, an ideal, worth living for; he feels quite satisfied that he has already found the best to be had, and lives up to both. Therein lies the only difference between us, as far as I can see."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SURPRISES.

Long before sunset the waving masses of blue and creamy white had completely vanished. One and all, the country folks, having transacted their business, betook themselves soberly home. Millison Methold and Anatole seemed the only loiterers left behind.

"Ah!" cried Anatole, "I am a happy man this night! The fine day we have had of it, the talking and balking, the janglings and wranglings, the hustling and bustling, the higgling and wriggling, the drinking and winking, the nagging and hagging—"

"Don't use up all the words in the French Dictionary to-day; you will want some to-morrow," interrupted Millison. He began to dread a string of comparatives as long as that with which Southey has celebrated the cataract of Lodore.

"And all gone home satisfied but one," added Anatole.

"And who was that one?"

"You must have seen him, the biggest man there, so big that he couldn't get a pair of pantaloons to fit him, though the peddler tried on all he had. How we all laughed! At the same time we were sorry for the poor fellow. Yes, the half is better than the whole, as said one of the fathers of the Church and my poor father when my mother bore twins. But it was a sight for all that: the peddler red as a hot coal with the flurry and worry of it; the fat man fuming and fretting as he tried on one pair after another in the market-place—over his old ones, of course—and all of us gaping fools ready to burst with laughter as each pair proved too short or too narrow. Now what asses men must be to laugh at a trifle like that!"

---

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

Anatole's adventures, told with much pleasantry, occupied the after-dinner hours; then followed a long night of unbroken sleep, a waking to fresh incidents and scenes. For the next three weeks, indeed, Millison lived exactly the life he had always yearned for.

Amid clear rivers flowing deep down amid dark cliffs, little cascades making merry sun-lit banks, cheery townlings scattered over hill and plain and valley, with wide sweeps of mountain and yellowing forest shutting out the world, they journeyed on.

At last the weather broke up. Persistent rain and mist set in, hiding the vast panoramas of woods imbrowned and verdant, valley within valley, and sky-blue river far away. They could no more descry at early morning the little towncresting rocky summit they should reach ere night-fall. Hid now the clear green waters of the river as it thundered over its rocky bed at their feet, and all the wide, sunny pastures so warm and golden before, were now blurred and blotted—a mere veil of cold watery mist.

So they turned their faces in the direction of Velours, having walked a goodly distance since the start, three weeks before.

With what flutterings of the heart the young lover approached Jeannie's home for the first time—that pleasant, white-walled, green-shuttered house with its vast walled-in garden, Camma had described so endearingly!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HON. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

The sudden death of the Vice-President removes one of the ablest and most experienced of the leaders of the Democratic party, though not one of the oldest. Mr. Hendricks, indeed, at the time of his death had passed but little his sixty-sixth birthday, and, so far as the public knew, was in the prime of mature life, with a prospect of many years of activity yet before him. His death, which was quite unexpected, and indeed occurred when he was alone in his room, was caused by paralysis of the heart. There is every reason to suppose that it was painless. The late Vice-President was born September 7, 1819, at Zanesville, Ohio, from which place his parents removed soon after to Indiana. His father, John Hendricks, was a man of capacity and influence, and his uncle, William Hendricks, was the second Governor of Indiana and a member of the House of Representatives and Senator of the United States. His mother was of Scotch descent, but her ancestors were active in the American Revolution. The boy therefore had the love of public life in his veins. He chose the law as a profession, and was admitted to practice, after studying in a local college and in his uncle's office, at the age of twenty-four. In 1848, when he was yet but twenty-eight, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and offered the nomination a second time, but declined it. In 1851 he was chosen to the State Constitutional Convention, where he served with Schuyler Colfax and Mr. Holman, the three being the youngest members. Mr. Hendricks made a good record in this work, and was immediately after elected and then re-elected to Congress. But in his second term he allied himself with the reactionary wing of his party, and voted for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He lost his seat in consequence, and his appointment by Mr. Pierce in 1855 as Commissioner of the General Land-office, though it gave him four years' very pleasant residence in Washington, was hardly a compensation to him. It is likely, however, that he owed his subsequent prominence in national politics in great part to the wide circle of acquaintance he then made among public men.

He returned to Indiana and to his law on the eve of the great contest of 1860. He was even more closely than before linked with the pro-slavery leaders of his party, and in that year they named him for Governor. He was destined then to meet the man who for the rest of the latter's life was to be his chief rival, and to cause him some of his sorest defeats. Oliver P. Morton was the manager of the Republican canvass, Henry O. Lane being the candidate. The contest was close, and Mr. Hendricks worked with great skill and energy, but he was defeated. During the war he continued to be very active in politics, and though he maintained professions of entire loyalty to the Union, his associations threw him into close connection with the anti-war section of his party. In 1862 he was chosen to represent Indiana in the United States Senate, as the successor of the one Northern Senator expelled from that body for disloyalty, and he immediately became the leader of the forlorn hope of Democracy. His position was very trying. Mr. Hendricks had, however, an unfailing good temper and a moderation and courtesy of personal bearing that disarmed mere political dislike and made him many warm friends among the rival party. While still a Senator, he was a second time named for Governor of Indiana, and a second time defeated by a narrow majority. In 1872 he was a third time nominated, and was elected by the aid of temperance votes, though the party was badly defeated in the November election, General Grant carrying the State by 6000 majority.

Mr. Hendricks now felt that he was in a position to aspire to the Presidency, and a very active "canvass" was made in his behalf. But he was fatally handicapped by opposition in his own State, and he was forced to accept the second place on the ticket with Mr. Tilden. He felt the failure keenly, and took advantage of his comparatively irresponsible position to advocate extreme measures in the period of doubt that followed the election. He was at least bent upon having Mr. Tilden submit his title to the courts, and was opposed to the Electoral Commission, which he denounced in no measured terms. Probably this action gave him strength with the masses of his party, and certainly won him much praise in the party press. He was an aspirant for the first place again in 1880, but was again defeated by his opponents in Indiana. In 1884 he had a united delegation, but was not strong with the progressive element of the party, and was fain once more to accept the second place. As noted, Mr. Hendricks was a man of many genial qualities in private life, and had numerous close friends. He was married early in life to Miss Eliza C. Morgan, who survives him. They had but one child, a boy, who died in infancy. Mr. Hendricks was an excellent lawyer, and amid his public activity found time to win a comfortable fortune in his profession.

A NOVEMBER STORM.

The loss of property along the Atlantic coast occasioned by the great storm of last week is not even yet fully determined. It was the most severe storm that had been known in the vicinity of New York for many years, and was accompanied by a phenomenally high tide. Cautionary and storm signals were first displayed on Sunday morning, and the gale reached its climax on Tuesday morning. Both the Hudson and the East rivers rose rapidly, and overflowed the streets along their fronts, from the Battery up. Piers were submerged and ferry slips nearly destroyed, while thousands of cellars and basements were flooded.

The greatest damage was of course along the ocean shore, and the amount of property destroyed on the Jersey and Long Island coasts in the immediate neighborhood of New York will reach several hundred thousand dollars. Several scenes of the great storm's activity are published in this issue. At Seabright, New Jersey, a number of pretty and in some instances costly cottages were either entirely demolished or badly damaged, the savagery of the waves appearing to be chiefly directed at specimens of the Queen Anne architecture. Two years ago the keeper of the Octagon Hotel, near Seabright, lost his billiard parlor through the action of a winter storm, and thereafter constructed a stone bulk-head at a cost of nearly $3000. The bulk-head was washed away on Tuesday morning last as though it had been made of card-board. Miles of railroad track were loosened by the waves, and then lifted by the wind and carried bodily away. The iron piers and the bulk-heads at Long Branch and at Coney Island were badly injured, and it will require months of time and a large expenditure of money to repair the damage that was done in a few hours by this furious November gale.

THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE.

Milwaukee, which is known as the "Cream City," because of the creamy color of the bricks (bricks of home manufacture, by-the-way, and for which Milwaukee is famous) used in its buildings, is situated at the mouth of the Milwaukee River, on Lake Michigan, just eighty-five miles north of Chicago. It has 150,000 inhabitants, sixty per cent. of whom are Germans. The German population resides in the northwestern part of the city, being a complete colony in itself. There are thousands of these German residents who do not speak a word of English. They are largely engaged in the manufacture of a superior quality of beer, which appeals successfully to the palates of all men, irrespective of their manner of speech. As illustrations of the extent of Milwaukee's German population, it may be mentioned that while there are but three daily newspapers printed in the English language in the city—one morning and two evening publications—there are five daily papers published in German, and also that there is a theatre at which nothing but German plays are produced. An interesting story, the truth of which is vouched for by several of Milwaukee's oldest inhabitants, is told concerning the spelling of the name of this flourishing Wisconsin city. In its early days there were two newspapers, one of which insisted upon spelling the name of the town with a terminal *ie*, while the other was equally positive that the name should end with the *ee*. Public feeling ran very high on the subject, and it is hard to say what compromise might have been effected had not the double *e* faction one night broken into the composing-room of the paper which spelled the name of the town with the terminal *ie*, and stolen all the lower-case *i's*. Of course, after this episode, both papers spelled Milwaukee with a final double *e*.

Like Chicago, Milwaukee is cleft by a river which has a decided crook in its course, and which divides the city into three sections, known as the east, south, and west divisions. That part of the city lying south of the river, after the river has made its sudden bend toward the lake, is the oldest portion of the town, and contains the foundries and enormous flouring mills for which the city is famous. In the west division are the numerous breweries and the "German quarter." It is also just beyond the city limits on the west, in the beautiful valley of the Wauwatosa, that the Soldiers' Home is situated, the largest institution of its kind in the country, located in a lovely park, and surrounded by miles of picturesque drives. The east division of the city contains the wholesale and retail stores, the chief residence portion of the town, and most of the public buildings. A view is furnished in the accompanying illustrations of Grand Avenue, looking north from the river; and it is in this division also that the City Hall and County Building, likewise illustrated, is situated. The bird's-eye view given of this last-mentioned edifice fails to show the beauty of its surroundings. It occupies the highest site in the city proper, and is built in the centre of a spacious park, around which are clustered many handsome residences and churches. In no city of the Northwest are there any more excellent examples of architecture than in Milwaukee. Indeed, the splendid granite structure known as the Chamber of Commerce has no equal in Chicago, and there is now in process of erection, on a commanding site, an exceedingly handsome edifice known as the Layton Picture-Gallery, the work of distinguished London architects, which is unique in design, and which when completed will be a splendid ornament to the city.

A STEAM-SHIP'S BOILER-ROOM.

Every traveller on an ocean steam-ship has observed the firemen who, smut-covered and panting, climb up at intervals out of the boiler-room to the deck to get a breath of fresh air. Yet even a sight of them does not give a vivid idea of the heated dungeon where they work. The descent to it, always by ladder, is like the descent into a cavern. There are the piles of coal, the hot boilers, the light that the fires give, and only such fresh air as comes down the shaft. They work out of communication with everybody except the engineers, and they give less heed to calm or stormy weather than anybody else on board. They keep the fires constantly burning, but here their likeness to the vestal virgins ends, except in, that the well-being of passengers, if not of worshippers, depends on their vigilance. They have never been assigned a place in honor or tradition equal to the tars who lead a more venturesome life above them; but since the day when steam-ships superseded sailing craft as a means of travel, the engineers and firemen have been incomparably more important persons than the sailors, and they are no whit less interesting. On the modern ocean steamer they outnumber the sailors sometimes two to one.

ALFONSO AND SPAIN.

The death of young King Alfonso, followed quickly by that of the veteran Marshal Francisco Serrano, concentrates upon Spain a large share of public attention, both in reminiscence and forecast.

Serrano's public career takes us back two-score years in Spanish history. Born near Cadiz in 1810, and educated as a soldier, he found in the civil wars against the Carlists rapid promotion. In 1833, King Ferdinand VII. died, leaving a daughter, Isabella, born in 1830, who was proclaimed Queen at once, under the regency of her mother, Queen Maria Christina. In 1843, Isabella II., then only thirteen years old, was declared of age, and assumed the government. She was at once surrounded by intriguing statesmen and soldiers, Serrano among them. He successfully favored Queen Maria Christina's interests against Espartero, joined Narvaez in overthrowing the ministry of Olozaga, and when Isabella, in 1846, had been married to her cousin, Francisco became her favorite. He was made Captain-General of Granada in 1849. Five years later, having become a Liberal, he took part in an insurrection at Saragossa, and was exiled, but soon recalled by the revolution of July, 1854, when he supported the Espartero-O'Donnell cabinet. In O'Donnell's *coup-d'état*, two years later, Serrano, who had military control of Madrid, aided him. In 1860 we find him Captain-General of Cuba; then a peer, the Duke de la Torre; then, in 1865, Captain-General of Madrid. In 1868 came the revolution of Prim and Topete that drove Isabella from the throne. Serrano, in exile with others for a protest against despotic acts, hurried from the Canaries to Cadiz, defeated the government's troops, entered Madrid, and was made successively Commander-in-Chief and Regent of Spain. While thus practically dictator he effected many changes, including universal suffrage, liberty of religion and of the press, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and great improvements in judicial proceedings. A simultaneous outbreak of Carlists and Democratic Socialists caused Serrano to draw his sword again, and after numerous battles, including the storming of republican Valencia, he crushed out all opposition. Meanwhile Prince Amadeo of Savoy had accepted, in January, 1871, the Spanish crown, and Serrano had become his Premier and War Minister. After about two years of a turbulent reign, King Amadeus abdicated, and a republic was proclaimed. By February, 1887, Serrano had become "Chief of Executive Power," recognized by foreign powers, and again began fighting the Carlists. But in January, 1875, Alfonso, son of the exiled Queen Isabella, was called to the throne. Here we come upon a new epoch, but before describing it may simply add that Serrano, then about sixty-five years old, contented himself by joining the opposition and becoming the "Leader of the Dynastic Left," as such dying November 25, 1885.

Alfonso XII., born November 28, 1857, was made King when a youth of seventeen. He had accompanied his mother in 1868 in her flight to Paris, studied hard in Austria, and was a student at the Sandhurst Military Academy, in England, when called to the throne. The following year (1876) he made himself popular by a successful campaign against the Carlists. Early in 1878 he married his cousin, Princess Marie de las Mercedes, who died the same year. About a twelvemonth later, in November, 1879, he married the Archduchess Marie Christina of Austria, who survives him, and will be Queen Regent, with their little daughter Mercedes, five years old, proclaimed as Queen.

Another element in Spanish dynastic affairs must now be spoken of. Don Carlos, a chronic pretender to the throne, is at Venice. His claims go back through his ancestors half a century. When Ferdinand VII. married Maria Christina he prepared the way by the abrogation of the Salic law, which had excluded women from the throne, for Isabella, his daughter, to succeed him. But when he died, in 1833, his brother, Don Carlos, who would have succeeded under the old law, proclaimed himself King. Then successively Don Carlos's son, the latter's brother, or Ferdinand's nephew, and now this nephew's son, the present Don Carlos, have kept up the Carlist claims, and often with the sword. At every dynastic crisis in Spain they renew their attempts. Between the Republicans and the Carlists, Spain's immediate future under the Regent Queen Christina is indeed cloudy.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Notwithstanding that the Governor of Illinois used only seventy-three words in his Thanksgiving proclamation, it was condemned by no gathering of the people anywhere for its brevity, and the day was observed in the State as generally and apparently with as much cheerfulness of spirit as heretofore.

The largest city in the world is pretty thoroughly English. London, with a population put down this year at 5,199,166, contains only 80,778 Irish, 49,554 Scotch, and 60,252 foreigners.

The moderation shown in the last Yale-Princeton foot-ball match in the matter of that misplaced vigor which goes to the breaking of legs and ribs and collar-bones appears well when it is set in contrast with the style of play reported from England, where, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, two deaths have already been caused by the game, besides a goodly number of broken limbs, although the season has barely yet got into full swing. There are two sets of rules for foot-ball playing in England, which seem equally to admit of dangerously robust behavior. "The controversy as to the comparative safety of the two styles of playing," says the *Gazette*, "is left just where it was before, since one of the deaths occurred in an Association, the other in a Rugby, match, though at the inquest held on the latter a witness assured the coroner that Rugby foot-ball was much less dangerous." That will suggest itself as somewhat grim reading to people who believe that games ought to be played without loss of life.

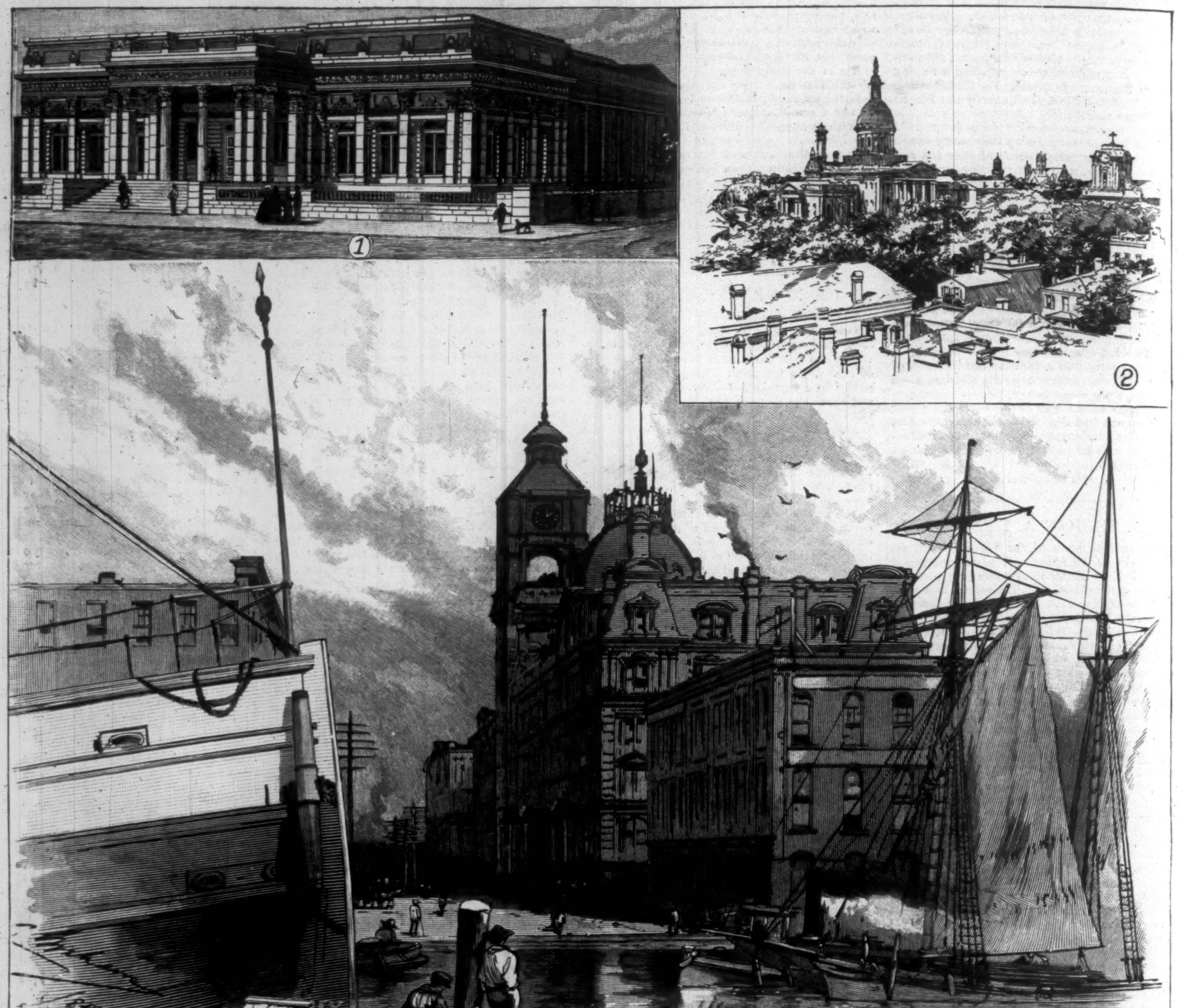
The handsomest of all bank-notes is said to have been recently issued by the Bank of Scotland. "Handsome is as handsome does," is the opinion of most people concerning such matters, and in the popular estimation the handsomest bank-note will always be the one which is good for the most money.

It is said that a domesticated moose belonging to a half-breed in Maine is a valuable assistant about the farm, and that it is capable, when hitched to a sled and driven upon the ice, of beating any horse that can be produced against it. At an exhibition of moose-racing in this city some years ago the moose were very disappointing to those who went to see them, and to the gentleman who had brought them on in the trust that they would prove a money-making attraction when offered to the public at popular admission prices. They were quite slow and lumbersome, in very painful contrariety to the general belief that had been entertained of them, and horses of common breed and dubious rapidity were fleet in comparison. Very smooth ice might make a difference, but a harnessed moose running against a good horse on a track of earth would seem a thing that was anchored.

The Washington man who wishes to establish a School of Politics gets small encouragement from those to whom he has written for an expression of opinion in regard to the scheme. He could hardly get less if he were to propose a school for the inculcation of knowledge of the weather one year in advance.

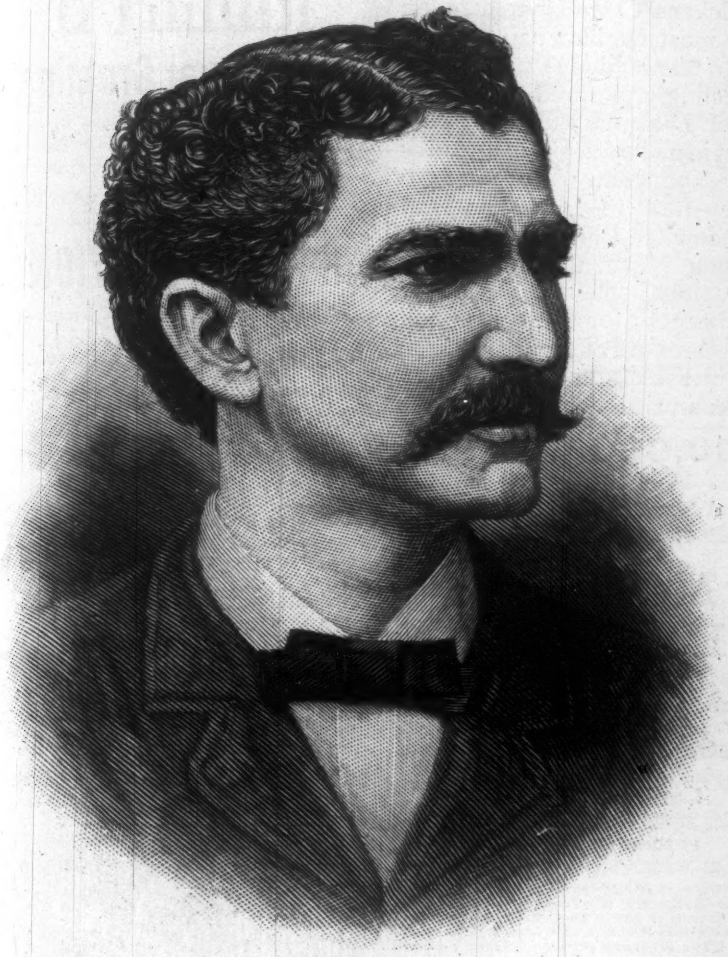
The north pole, of course, is just as liable to be spoken of disrespectfully as the equator is. Still less than the equator is it able to set itself right when it is traduced through folly or malice, for it has no acquaintances, whatever may be the number of its friends, and is consequently without means of retort. The latest liberty with the north pole is taken by a correspondent of the New York *Times*, who avers that it abounds in steam-engines, and that the people there write books and raise bananas. There is nothing offensive in this, as the people of our civilization understand offense, but one can not say what the people at the north pole would think of it if it were to get to their ears. That it is not likely to get to them right away will be a re-assurance to those friends of the pole who are doubtful concerning the degree of sensitiveness of the polar people to purely theoretical remarks.

A man who has the cramps and sends in haste for the doctor is naturally a good deal astonished if the doctor, having found him rolling in great pain on the sofa, and having felt of his pulse, falls to cuffing him soundly on both sides of his head, and pulling his nose powerfully, and slapping his face. An ailing person in Paterson recently, who alleges that he received treatment of this sort from a physician whom he had called to treat him for cramps, caused the physician's arrest; but the law did nothing to the physician, because he proved that the patient did not have cramps, but hysteria, and that cuffing is an old-fashioned and excellent treatment for that complaint. In the case in point the cuffing made the patient angry, changed the current of his thoughts, and left him deeply offended, to be sure, but without hysteria, and without even the delusion that he had cramps.

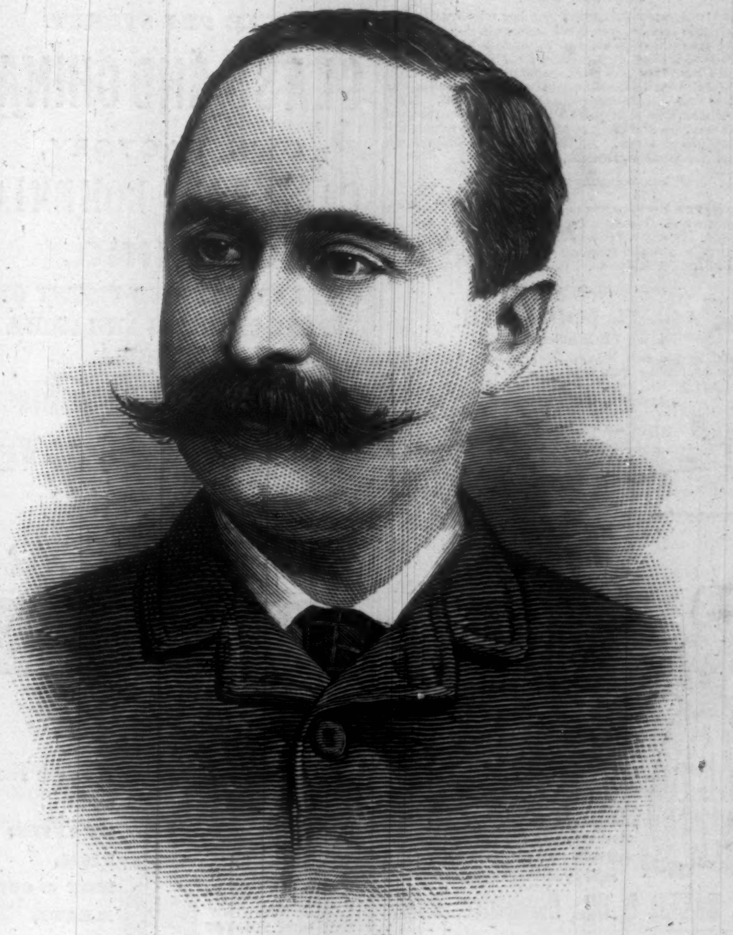


SKETCHES FROM MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 803.]

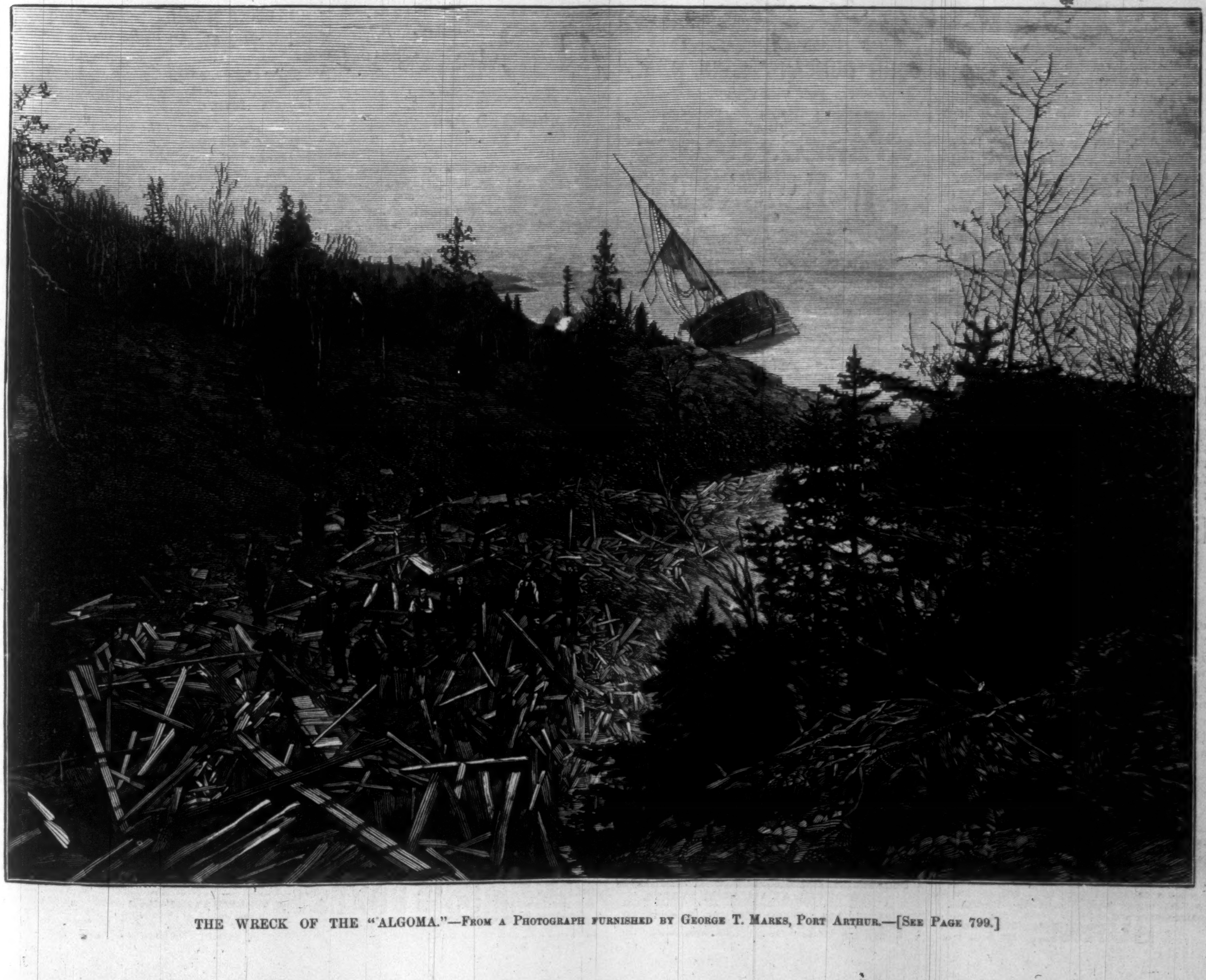
1. The Layton Art Gallery. 2. The Court-House. 3. Along the Wharf. 4. Milwaukee River. 5. Old Windmill in the Suburbs.



WILLIAM F. HARRITY, POSTMASTER OF PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



JOHN M. CAMPBELL, SURVEYOR OF CUSTOMS AT PHILADELPHIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



THE WRECK OF THE "ALGOMA."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY GEORGE T. MARKS, PORT ARTHUR.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

CONSUMPTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs). Send 10 cents in stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are endorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ALLEN DODWORTH,

No. 681 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.,

Assisted by his son, FRANK DODWORTH. Classes and private lessons in Dancing. See Circular for terms, etc.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

USE

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

It is a medicinal preparation, and, at the same time, an elegant and cleanly toilet article. Its action upon the scalp is healthful. It nourishes the glands which support the hair, and causes thin, dry hair to become thick, soft, and vigorous. It restores the color of youth to locks which have become faded with age or disease; and relieves and cures itching, caused by humors of the scalp. Dr. George Gray, Nashua, N. H., writes: "It gives me pleasure to testify to the wonderful effects produced by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, as observed by me in very many cases. IT WILL CERTAINLY RESTORE THE HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR. It cleanses the head of dandruff, and leaves the hair soft, glossy, and beautiful." F. T. Sandhein, 1010 Spruce st., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "After unavailingly trying a number of preparations to prevent my hair from falling out, and, realizing that I was fast becoming bald, I tried, as a last resort, Hall's Hair Renewer. I have used only four bottles of the Renewer, and am perfectly satisfied that it is the best preparation in the market for checking the falling out of hair, invigorating the hair roots, and promoting a new growth."

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE

WHISKERS

commends itself to all who have occasion to use a dye for the beard or mustache. It will change gray, faded, or sandy whiskers, to a beautiful brown or black, as desired. The colors produced are natural and lasting. It cannot be washed off, contains no destructive ingredients, is cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H., U. S. A.

Sold by all dealers in medicines.

FURS. SEALSKIN GARMENTS, NEWEST styles, my own manufacture, from selected Alaska skins, London dressed, at lowest prices. I make to measure without extra charge or deposit. When you want a choice garment, come and see me, and save both money and annoyance. Remember, I guarantee every article I sell.

BURKE, Manufacturer, 214 Broadway.

R. MOSER,

932 Broadway,

NEAR 22d STREET.

GLASS AND CHINA.

OWN FACTORY,

CARLSBAD, BOHEMIA.

OPENING.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST DISPLAY OF GLASS AND CHINA IN AMERICA.

SOLE MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER

Of the New Carlsbad Jewel Ware,

FACTORY PRICES.

R. MOSER.

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

(THE WORCESTERSHIRE)

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SAUCE
LEA & PERRINS

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

TELESCOPES STEREOPTICONS AND OPTICAL LANTERNS WITH VIEWS

Colored and uncolored, illustrating all lands and every branch of Natural History, Physical Science, Temperance Lectures, Bible Studies, Comic and Amusing Anecdotes and Fairy Tales.

Also Apparatus for showing Chemical and Philosophical Experiments and Animal Life on the screen.

THE LARGEST & BEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.

QUEEN & CO.

Manufacturing Opticians, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ **Priced and Illustrated Catalogue of 120 pages sent on application.**

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK.

MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

CLARKE'S PATENT

PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS

FOR BURNING IN HIS

PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND

PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS

S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LONDON, ENG. AND EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Dickens' Calendar, to hang on your most familiar nail; with a leaf to tear off daily; with scenes so feelingly pictured that enjoyers of Dickens will read them again in memory; excellent every way. 50 cents; by mail 56 cents—from the publisher, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia.

BOOK NEWS, the monthly of the famous bookstore, December number sent for five cents; full of pictures out of Holiday books; with a list of them, and Wanamaker's prices for them.

600,000 COPIES

Of the GRAPHIC alone.

Great Simultaneous Publication in AMERICA, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE,

ON

MONDAY, DEC. 7, 1885,

OF THE

Grand Christmas Double Numbers

OF THE

Illustrated London News,

AND THE

London Graphic,

Containing beautiful COLORED PLATES and ENGRAVINGS.

PRICE, 50 CENTS EACH.

LE FIGARO ILLUSTRÉ,

embodying work of celebrated Parisian artists, and of superior excellence, $1.25 per copy. Of all newsdealers.

The demand in past years has been so great that these Christmas Numbers have been eagerly sought for at **Five Dollars** per copy in New York and London.

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, New York.

Subscriptions received for all Foreign Periodicals.

The New York Tribune

Is an Aggressive Republican Paper for the Whole Country and all the People. As an agricultural paper THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is unexcelled. Try it for one year, and see. THE TRIBUNE earnestly advocates a Protective Tariff, and itself pays the highest prices to its own men of any office in New York City. THE WEEKLY and SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE will print during 1886 about 25 War Stories, and it offers prizes of $250 and $100 in cash for the best stories. Send for circular or sample copy explaining in full. Agents are wanted in every town where THE TRIBUNE has none already. THE WEEKLY, $1.00 a year, in clubs; SEMI-WEEKLY, $2.00, in clubs.

UNMOUNTED PHOTOGRAPHS

Of Ancient and Modern Works of Art, embracing reproductions of famous original paintings, sculpture, architecture, &c. Price, cabinet size, $1.50 per doz.; larger sizes in proportion. Send 10 cents stamps for catalogue and supplement of 7000 subjects. SOULE PHOTOGRAPH CO., Publishers, 338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Mention *Harper's Weekly.*

FOR ONE DOLLAR

Is offered a three months' trial subscription to the **Art Interchange,** an illustrated art fortnightly, 20 to 30 p.p., with full size working outline designs in every number, and THIRTEEN large COLORED PLATES a year. Beginning Nov. 8th, this will include **Three beautiful Colored Studies,** viz.: **An Autumn Landscape,** by Bruce Crane (size 13x11 in.), an exquisite **Fan Design of Wild Roses** (size 23 1-2x11 1-2 in.), Buds, Leaves and Stems, for silk painting; also can be adapted for DRESS FRONT or WALL BANNER, and a lovely suggestion for **Valentine or Hand Screen** of sleeping Cupids. In addition there will be six large supplements of designs in black and white (full size) for painting and embroidery, besides over 100 pages of designs and text, giving careful instruction in ARTISTIC HOUSE-FURNISHING, PAINTING, EMBROIDERY and all other kinds of ART WORK, besides practical hints in the ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS. One year, $3.00; six months, $1.65. **Sample Copy, with full page Colored Study (Marine view, 11x18), and catalogue sent for Twenty Cents.**

WILLIAM WHITLOCK, 37 & 39 West 22d St., N. Y.

Mention this paper.

THREE ART MAGAZINES FOR $5.00.

ART AGE $2, monthly, with Forbes Photogravure supplements.
ART INTERCHANGE $3, fortnightly, 13 colored plates a year.
ART & DECORATION $2.50, monthly, over 40 designs an issue.

We offer these three papers for the extraordinarily low price of $5.00. (⅓ saved.) **SAMPLE COPIES** of the three for 50c.; or any one, 20c. Full particulars in catalogue for 2c. In this club of art journals subscribers get, by actual count, over **1500** drawings, working patterns, designs for painting, embroidery, &c., art motives, colored studies and Forbes photogravures; over **1200** reading columns, answers to questions, practical suggestions, criticism, technical information and news. (Mention this advertisement.) Turnure & Gilliss Brothers, Pub's: **ART AGE, 75 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.**

WITHOUT MONEY

That farmers may come to know America's best national farm, garden and home weekly WITHOUT COST,

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER

will be sent to all applicants FREE FOR FIVE WEEKS, and promptly STOPPED at the end of that time. 34 Park Row, N. Y.

$6 to $8 a Day selling the **NICKEL Tidy Holder.** Best selling article in America. Every family buys them. Sample and Agents Price List by mail, 16cts. in 2-cent Stamps. W. HASSELBACH, Lock Box N. 51, Sandusky, O.

THE BEST Are made and imported **MUSIC BOXES** by H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, 1030 Chestnut St. Phila. ☞ LOOK FOR OUR TRADE MARK BEFORE PURCHASING.

RIDLEY'S

37th Annual Greeting!

The advent of the Holiday Season which immediately precedes the death of the Old Year is suggestive of presents, and what to give is a most perplexing question.

For the benefit of those who want to be relieved of this anxiety we have just issued a

HOLIDAY EDITION

Of our FASHION MAGAZINE, which contains an

Aggregation of Novelties

Seldom found under one roof. The Magazine contains profuse Illustrations of all the goods to be found in each of our 52 departments, with the lowest New York prices, and comprise in part SUBSTANTIAL DRY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, TOYS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, and a choice selection of original literary matter, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of **15 cents,** or 50 cents per annum.

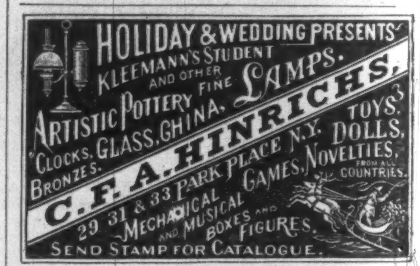
OUR ENLARGED ORDER DEPARTMENT,

With its superior facilities for the transmission of goods, enables out-of-town buyers to enjoy the same advantages in shopping as city dwellers.

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 311½ to 321 Grand Street;

56 to 70 Allen St.; 59 to 65 Orchard St., N.Y.



HOLIDAY & WEDDING PRESENTS

KLEEMANN'S STUDENT AND OTHER FINE LAMPS.

ARTISTIC POTTERY

CLOCKS, GLASS, CHINA, BRONZES.

C. F. A. HINRICHS,

29 31 & 33 PARK PLACE N.Y.

TOYS, DOLLS, NOVELTIES, FROM ALL COUNTRIES.

MECHANICAL AND MUSICAL GAMES, BOXES AND FIGURES.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,

Have Just Published:

I.

THE GREAT POETS AS RELIGIOUS TEACHERS. By JOHN H. MORISON. pp. 200. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

II.

THUCYDIDES. The Sixth and Seventh Books of Thucydides. With Introductory Essay and Explanatory Notes, by W. A. LAMBERTON, A.M., Professor of Greek in Lehigh University. pp. xxii., 324. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50. (In "Harper's Classical Series, for Schools and Colleges." Under the Editorial Supervision of HENRY DRISLER, LL.D.)

III.

WAKULLA. A Story of Adventure in Florida. By KIRK MUNROE. Illustrated. pp. 256. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1.00. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

	CTS.
38. A BARREN TITLE. By T. W. Speight	25
37. THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES. By Professor C. Witt. With Two Illustrations.	25
36. GOBLIN GOLD. By May Crommelin	25
35. IN QUARTERS WITH THE 25TH (THE BLACK HORSE) DRAGOONS. By J. S. Winter.	25
34. MUSICAL HISTORY. By G. A. Macfarren	25
33. PRIMUS IN INDIS. By M. J. Colquhoun	25
32. THE SACRED NUGGET. By B. L. Farjeon.	25
31. THE ROYAL MAIL: Its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. Illustrated	25
30. THE GHOST'S TOUCH, and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins	25
29. THE DARK HOUSE. By G. Manville Fenn	25
28. MALTHUS AND HIS WORK. By James Bonar, M.A.	25
27. SELF-DOOMED. By B. L. Farjeon	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

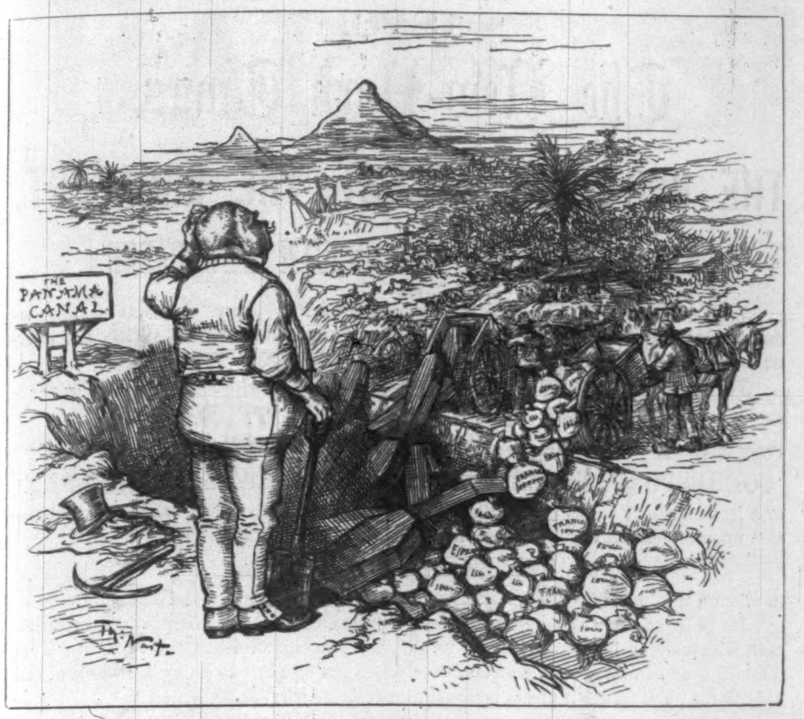
	CTS.
500. Cradle and Spade. By William Sime	20
499. The Mistletoe Bough, Christmas, 1885. Edited by M. E. BRADDON. With an Illustration	20
498. What's His Offence. By the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings"	20
497. The Unforeseen. By Alice O'Hanlon	20
496. White Heather. By William Black	20
495. My Wife's Niece. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney"	20
494. Babylon. By Cecil Power	20
493. Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20
492. A Strange Voyage. By W. Clark Russell	20
491. The Courting of Mary Smith. By F. W. Robinson	20
490. In Sunny Lands. By William Drysdale. Illustrated	25

The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

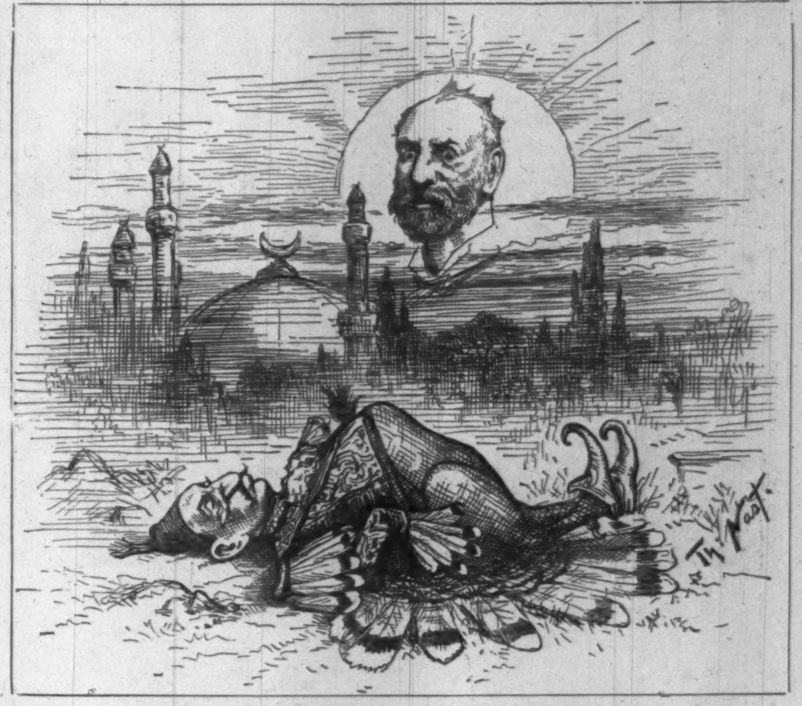
HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed line of Advertising at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., N. Y. Send 10 cents for a 100-page pamphlet.



THE NATURAL MONROE DOCTRINE.
The Isthmus will be an everlasting sink.



"**SUNSET" (COX) IN TURKEY (IN EUROPE).**
A Thanksgiving Dream that may be realized.

IMPORTANT TO Consumers of Soap!

NEW YORK, November 20, 1885.

CHAS. S. HIGGINS, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—

I have analyzed samples of your Toilet Soap designated as "**La Belle**;" also samples of **Colgate's "Cashmere Bouquet,"** and of "**Lubin's Toilet Soap,**" with the following results:

I find your soap to be free from all impurities, whereas

Colgate's "Cashmere Bouquet"

contains 0.297 per cent. of Silicate of Magnesia, or Talc, and

Lubin's

contains 0.0372 per cent. of Silicate of Magnesia, with traces of Iron.

The late Professor Justus Liebig said that the "degree of civilization of a people may be judged by the **amount** of soap used by it." I will add that the **purity** of the article employed by humanity for toilet purposes indicates their intelligence.

You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made.

It is to be regretted that names, world renowned in the making of toilet soap, should employ adulterants.

Bodies foreign to a pure soap, however small in quantity, though lucrative to the makers of the soap, are not beneficial to the consumers.

Ladies should not, and do not, desire to irritate the delicate surface of the skin, or fill its minute pores, and thus obstruct their healthy action, which would result from the constant use of an adulterated soap.

I therefore cordially commend to them and to the community in general the employment of your pure "**La Belle**" toilet soap over any adulterated article.
Yours respectfully,

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,

Professor Chemistry and Toxicology in "Bellevue Hospital Medical College," and Professor Chemistry and Physics in "College of City of New York."

BABY HUMORS, Skin Blemishes AND BIRTH MARKS are cured by Cuticura

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning, and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BACK-ACHE, Uterine Pains, Soreness, and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted. 25c.

GUNS CHEAPER THAN EVER. Side lever **Breech Loader, $18. The Famous $15 Shot Gun NOW $12.** Every Gun warranted. **Rifles, $3, $4, $5, $6. Roller Skates,** Watches, Knives, etc. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue 1885.
P. POWELL & SON, 180 Main St., CINCINNATI, O.

SHIPPERS CAN SAVE TIME, **Trouble**, and **Cash** by using Barlow's Pat. Manifold Shipping Blanks.
Send for Sample Sheet and Prices to
BARLOW BROS., Grand Rapids, Mich.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.
Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

Arnold Constable & Co

DRESS GOODS.

Now offering a very choice stock of Rich and Medium qualities in Plain and Fancy Dress Materials, Combination Suitings, Cheviots, Beaded and Frieze Robes, &c., together with a large line of Plain and Fancy Crepe de Chines, Embroidered Nun's Veilings, etc., suitable for Evening Wear.

Broadway & 19th st.

★ DIAMONDS. ★
FINE WATCHES. RICH JEWELRY.
BENEDICT BROTHERS,
171 BROADWAY,
COR. CORTLANDT STREET—BENEDICT BUILDING.
★ Elevated Railroad trains stop at Cortlandt Street. ★
Ten Minutes from Fourteenth St.

We will send you a watch or a chain BY MAIL OR EXPRESS, C. O. D., to be examined before paying any money and if not satisfactory, returned at our expense. We manufacture all our watches and save you 30 per cent. Catalogue of 250 styles free. Every Watch Warranted. Address
STANDARD WATCH CO.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

AGENTS WANTED, Ladies or gentlemen, to canvass for a specialty. Adapted for the **Holidays.** Nothing in the market like it. For special prices and territory, address **CURRIER & JONES, Newark, N. J.** Mention this paper.

RUBBER ROOFING.

$2.00 per 100 sq. ft. — Reliable Roofing for any building large or small, can be obtained of us quickly, cheaply, and in any quantity. — $3.25 per 100 sq. ft.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR BOOK CIRCULAR AND SAMPLES.

INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO.,

143 DUANE ST., NEW YORK, OR INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

LeBOUTILLIER BROS.,
Broadway and 14th St., N. Y.
DRY GOODS.

We employ a large force of experienced clerks, whose sole duty is to attend with care and promptness to

Mail Orders.

It pays to buy Dry Goods in New York. You get the lowest prices, the latest styles, and the largest stock to select from. New York prices are 20 to 40 per cent. lower than those of any other city in the United States.

Write to us for samples, catalogue, or information. Your letter will be answered, not thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Complete Stocks of **Silks, Velvets, Dress Goods, Cloakings, Hosiery, Underwear, Table Linens, Blankets, Laces, Embroideries, Passementeries, Ladies' Shoes, Upholstery, Suits, Wraps, Gloves,** etc., etc.
Cut this out and put it in your scrap-book.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

THE INDEPENDENT.
RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY WEEKLY.
The most influential organ in the States.
—*The Spectator*, London, Eng.
Subscription $3.00 per year. 75c. 3 months.
Send postal for free specimen copy.
251 BROADWAY.

OPTICAL GOODS PRENTICE & SON Mf'g Opticians, 178 B'way, N.Y. Catalogue Free. Microscopes, Telescopes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Magic Lanterns, etc., also Barometers, Thermometers, Compasses, Batteries Drawing, Dairy and other *Scientific instruments.*

FREE On receipt of stamp, will send samples of two **best selling, best paying** articles made. Sell at sight in every house. Men and women agents wanted everywhere. ☞ **Book Agents Wanted!** DUDLEY & CO., 1018 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAFNESS **its CAUSES and CURE,** by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.

FACIAL DEVELOPMENT. Will mail you rules to develop muscles of cheeks and neck, making them plump and rosy; also rules for using dumbbells, to develop every muscle of the arms and body—all for 50 cts. **Prof. H. L. Dowd,** Home School for Physical Culture, 16 E. 14th St., N. Y.

FREE **BY MAIL.** Pamphlet on **Improved OXYGEN Treatment** for **Catarrh, Deafness, Throat, Lung,** and **Chronic Diseases.** Treatment sent by express. **DR. JUDGE, 79½ Beach St., Boston, Mass.**

100 New Fancy Scrap Pictures, large Horse's Head, Kittens, Dogs, Girls, Mottoes, &c., and 4 (no 2 alike) large Christmas Cards, 10c. BOOK CO., Nassau, N. Y.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.
ESTERBROOK & Co FALCON PEN
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,
Get BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cts. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.,** 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	15 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Each is pre-eminent in its own department.—*N. Y. World.*

A file of these publications would be a complete library in itself.—*Boston Globe.*

Their value is, indeed, great and permanent; and we commend them anew and more emphatically to the appreciation of the public.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The superb periodicals offer a complete epitome of the year.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

One or the other of these journals should find its way into every family.—*Southern Planter*, Richmond, Va.

The best of the kind in the country, or, in fact, in the world.—*Springfield Republican.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

NOTICE.—Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS *are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions therefor at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* HARPER & BROTHERS.

To prevent the loss of money by such misrepresentations, it is requested that, in purchasing from parties assuming to represent HARPER & BROTHERS, *payment be made by Bank Draft or Post-office Money Order, payable to the order of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *New York.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, of between three and four thousand volumes, mailed on receipt of Ten Cents in Postage-Stamps.